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THE
GROUNDS
OF
Criticism
IN
POETRY,

CONTAIN'D

In some New Discoveries never
made before, requisite for the Writing
and Judging of Poems surely.

BEING

A Preliminary to a larger Work design'd
to be publish'd in *Folio*, and Entituled,
*A Criticism upon our most Celebrated English
Poets Deceas'd.*

By Mr. DENNIS.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Geo. Strahan at the Golden-Ball against the
Exchange in Cornhill, and Bernard Lintott, at the Mid-
dle-Temple Gate, Fleet-street. 1704.

THE GROUNDS OF CHURCH IN POLY



In some New Books
which before
and judging of some things
A Preliminary to a history of the
to be published in two and
of Christian were the first
Part One

By Mr. B. W. V. S.
LONDON
Printed for G. W. V. S. in the
Building in Church, and
the first part, London 1791

T H E

Preface.

THE following Treatise is but a small part of a Volume of Criticism intended to be publish'd in Folio, in which in Treating of the works of the most Celebrated English Poets Deceas'd, I design'd to shew both by Reason and Examples, that the use of Religion in Poetry was absolutely necessary to raise it to the greatest exaltation, of which so Noble an Art is capable, and on the other side, that Poetry was requisite to Religion in order to its making more forcible Impressions upon the Minds of Men,

And

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And this I thought would be an effectual way of Reconciling People to a Regulated Stage, in spite of the Grimaces of some Spiritual Comedians; who have themselves a mind to be the only Actors in Vogue; and who in order to a total suppression of the Stage, have endeavour'd to set up private Authorities against the common Sense of Mankind, and the Errors of two or three Churchmen against Divine Inspiration. For I appeal to any impartial Reader, whether the constant practice in all Ages of the best and the bravest Nations in their most flourishing States, may not pass for the common Sense of Men: And we know very well that St. Paul, whom we believe to be divinely inspir'd, has made use of Heathen Poets nay ev'n Heathen Dramatick Poets, for the Reformation of Mankind. Witness that famous passage, Evil Communications corrupt good manners; which St. Paul makes use of in his Second Epistle to the Corinthians, and which Grotius informs us that he borrow'd from the Thais of the famous Menander. Now how that which was the Language of the Holy Ghost, in the Mouth of St. Paul, comes to be the Language of the Devil in ours, I believe our Bigots will find it a Difficult matter to shew.

It

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It is plain then that these Persons by designing totally to suppress the Stage, which is the only encouragement that we have in these Islands of Poetry, manifestly intended to drive out so noble and useful an Art from among us, and by that means endeavour'd with all their might to weaken the power of Religion, which has need of Poetry to make its utmost Impression upon the Minds of Men.

In short, almost all but the Ceremonial and Historical part of the old Testament, was deliver'd in Poetry and that is almost Half of it. And a considerable part of the Doctrine of the Gospel was deliver'd in Parables, which, as my Lord Bacon has justly observ'd in his Advancement of Learning Lib. 2 Chap. 1. are a kind of Divine Poesy. I might here very truly observe, that not only Job and Solomon's Song and part of the Prophets, but several too of our Saviours Parables, are tho' not Dramatick Poems, yet Poesy that is Dramatick, that is Poesy in which Persons are introduc'd who are talking in Dialogue.

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From what has been said, this Consequence must undeniably follow, that either they who deliver'd our Religion were mistaken in the manner of doing it, which will by no means consist with our Belief of the Divinity of one of them, or the Divine Inspiration of the Rest, or that our Religion must be most powerfully propagated by the same means, by which it was at first deliver'd.

I believe that it would be an easie matter to prove, that it was the use of exalted Poesy, such as the lofty Hymn of St. Ambrose, that blew up the Flame of Christian zeal to such a transporting height, in the Primitive and Apostolical times, and that the neglect of so Divine an art, has not only in these latter Days considerably lessen'd the force of Religion, but has with some People among us gone a very great way towards the making the Publick Worship contemptible. But I leave it to our Prelates and Pastors to consider, whether, since they are satisfy'd that there is a necessity, for an Harmonious and a Numerous Style, in some parts of our Publick Worship, they ought so long to have remain'd contented with the vile Meetre of Hopkins, and by that proceeding to suffer the most Lofty and most Pathetick
Divina

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Divine Poetry to be Burlesqu'd and Ridicul'd in our Churches, which is all one, as if each Sunday they should dress up a Bishop in some Antick Habit, and expose him in that merry Garb in Order to raise the Veneration of the People.

That Poetry is necessary for the informing Religion upon the Minds of Men, may I think appear very plainly from what has been said, and from what will be said upon that Subject in the following Treatise. But since our Clergy by their constant practise appear to be already satisfied of it, I leave it to them to consider, whether they ought not rather to make it part of their business, to set Poetry and consequently the Stage upon a good Foot, than to endeavour with all their might to drive out both from among us.

Since I mention'd my Lord Bacon above, I desire the Readers leave to lay before him a most Beautiful Passage of that great genius concerning the worth and the use of Poetry, which he esteems to be the Second principal Branch of Learning.

As for Narrative Poesy (says he in the 13 Ch. of the 2 Lib. of his Advancement of Learning) or, if you please,

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please, Heroical, so you understand it of the Matter, not of the Verse, it seems to be rais'd altogether from a noble Foundation, which makes much for the Dignity of Man's Nature. For seeing the sensible World is in Dignity inferior to the Soul of Man, Poesy seems to endow human Nature, with that which History denies, and to give satisfaction to the Mind, with at least the Shadow of things, where the Substance cannot be had. For if the matter be thoroughly consider'd a strong Argument may be drawn from Poetry, that a more stately Greatness of things, a more perfect Order, and a more beautiful Variety, delights the Soul of Man, than can be any way found in Nature, since the fall. Wherefore seeing the Acts and events, which are the Subject of True History, are not of that amplitude as to content the Mind of Man, Poesy is ready at Hand to fain Acts more Heroical. Because true History reports the Successes of Business not proportionable to the merit of Virtues and Vices, Poesy corrects it, and presents Events and Fortunes according to Desert; and according to the Law of Providence. Because true History, through the frequent Satiety
and

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and Similitude of things, works a Distast and Misprision in the Mind of Men, Poetry Cheereth and Refreshes the Soul; Chanting things rare and various, and full of Vicissitudes, so as Poetry serveth and conferreth to Delectation, Magnanimity, and Morality; and therefore it may seem deservedly to have some Participation of Divineness; because it doth raise the Mind, and exalt the Spirit with high Raptures, by proportioning the Shews of things to the Desires of the Mind, and not submitting the Mind to things, as Reason and History do. And by these Allurements and Congruities, whereby it cherisheth the Soul of Men, joyned also with Consort of Musick, whereby it may more sweetly insinuate it self, it hath won such Access, that it hath been in Estimation, even in Rude Times, and Barbarous Nations, when other Learning stood excluded.

But because that Poetry which we call Heroick, has been but barely neglected among us, and the great Cry has been against the Dramatick, let us see what the same extraordinary Person says in Defence of that.

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Dramatick or Representative Poesy, says he, which brings the World upon the Stage, is of excellent use if it were not abus'd. For the Instructions and Corruptions of the Stage may be great; but the Corruptions in this kind abound; the Discipline is altogether neglected in our times. For altho' in Modern Commonwealths, Stage-Plays be but esteemed a Sport or Pastime, unless they draw from the Satyr and be mordant; yet the Care of the Antients was, that the Stage should instruct the Minds of Men unto Virtue. Nay, wise Men and great Philosophers, have accounted it as the Archet or Musical Bow of the Mind. And certainly it is most true, and as it were a Secret of Nature, that the Minds of Men are more patent to Affections, and Impressions Congregate than Solitary.

In this last Observation which is perfectly Beautiful, my Lord Bacon has given a very solid Reason, why the Drama must be more useful than History, and more prevalent than Philosophy. And a little lower he has given two more, though he has applied them to a sort of Poetry which is somewhat different, and those are, that
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Dramatick Fables are more sensible than Arguments; and more fit than Examples.

At the same time, that extraordinary Man declares like a most just and discerning Judge, that the Modern Stage was but a Shadow of the Antient, and an imperfect Shadow; that it had something of its Shew, but nothing of its Reality; that is, that it was not only a vain and an empty, but a dangerous Amusement. And he plainly taxes the Modern Policy with the Neglect of its Discipline. Indeed in this as well as other things, there is as great a difference between Antient and Modern Policy, as there is between Antient and Modern Extent of Empire.

But the Wisdom of the Queen can never be too much extolled, who has vouchsafed to take care of that which all Her Predecessors neglected.

That Discerning Princess is resolved to support the Stage, that it may be instrumental to the Reforming Her People; and She is resolved to Regulate it, that it may no longer be justly accus'd of corrupting their Manners.

The following Treatise, as has been said above, is but a small Portion of a much larger

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larger which was design'd for the Improvement of Modern Poetry, and of the Drama particularly. And here I desire the Reader's Leave to do two things. First to lay down the Design and Method of the larger Treatise, and then to give an Account to the World why no more is Published.

The Design then, and the Method of the whole Treatise, as they were deliver'd in the Second Proposal, are as follows.

T H E

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F*irst*, The Design is To restore
Poetry to all its Greatness, and
to all its Innocence.

That Poetry is miserably fall'n, is,
I suppose, granted : And, as there
never was more occasion for a just
and impartial *Criticism* on account
of the generality of the Writers;
so, there never was more necessity
for one on account of the Readers
and the Spectators. For the taste
of both the Readers and the Specta-
tors was never so debauch'd as it is

at

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at present ; of which we have given the Reasons in another place. Some of them would be thought to approve of every thing that they either Read or See, and value themselves upon that ; that is, upon their want of Discernment to distinguish right from wrong : Others are so squeamish, that they like nothing, and value themselves even upon that too ; that is, upon the fickleness and the unsoundness of their Minds ; because he who likes nothing tastes nothing, and want of Taste is want of Sense. But this is not all : even they who pretend to like nothing, will at the Play-houses be pleas'd with ev'ry thing ; and they who would be thought to approve of every thing, like nothing long ; For nothing but Truth can be long esteem'd, and Truth it self, to be long esteem'd, must be distinguish'd from Falshood. From these random ways of Judging it comes to pass, that this Town, in the compass of ten Years, happens to have one and the same Author in the greatest

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greatest Admiration and in the utmost Contempt; which is infinitely a greater Satyr upon the Town, than it can be on the Author; for the Town is certainly in the wrong in one of the Extrems at least, and perhaps in both; whereas the Authors, for the most part, give no occasion for either of them. This random or this partial way of Judging, has been the cause that Poetry is banish'd from the rest of *Europe*, and is upon its last Legs in *England*.

The Design of the foresaid Treatise is, not only to retrieve so noble an Art, and to fix the Rules both of Writing and of Judging, that both Readers and Writers may be at some certainty; but, to raise it to a height which it has never known before among us, and to restore it, as we said above, to all its Greatness, and to all its Innocence.

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But whereas several may imagine that the Design is chimerical, of restoring Poetry either to its Greatness or to its Innocence, we think it proper to satisfy the Reader, in as few words as we can, that both may be easily effected.

1. Poetry may easily be restored to its former Greatness, because the discovering the Cause of a Disease is more than half the Cure of it: but the true and almost only Cause of the Declension of Poetry, that Cause which has lain hid for so many Ages, has been already discovered in a little Tract that was published two Years ago*, for which I have the Opinion of several of the best Judges in *England*, and that matter will be set in so clear a Light in the beginning of the foresaid Treatise, without repeating any thing that was said before, or at least as little as may be, as may satisfy the most incredulous. But,

2. Poetry

* *Advancement and Reformation of Modern Poetry*

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2. Poetry may easily be restored to its Innocence by taking a proper Method, a Method that may be more prevalent with the Writers than either Law or Philosophy, which have been us'd in vain. For let us but consider the Character that *Horace* has giv'n of a Poet,

Vatis avarus

*Non temere est animus, versus amet, hoc studet unum,
Detrimenda, fugas servorum; incendia ridet.*

In short, a Poet will contemn every thing but the acquiring the Reputation of a good Poet. This is what he makes his only Business, and the sole design of his Life; and there is no Reprimand that you can give him, and no Remonstrance that you can make him, that he will not laugh at, until you convince him that he is an ill Poet. And indeed he is partly in the right; for an ill Poet is ten

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times more ridiculous than a Blockhead of any other Profession: for an ill Physician, or an ill Lawyer, know their own Ignorance, and make it their business to be esteem'd by the People: but, on the contrary, an ill Poet is found out by every body, and admires himself, than which nothing can be more a Jest. So that there is nothing he will refuse to do to avoid the Infamy of that Reputation. From whence it follows that in the foresaid *Criticism* there is a Motive that will work more strongly upon them than the Censures of our Reformers: for there we clearly shew them, that Poetry, by losing its Innocence, loses its very Nature; for if Poetry be more philosophical, and more instructive, than History, as *Aristotle* is pleas'd to affirm of it, and no Man ever knew the Nature either of Poetry, or of History, or of Philosophy, better than he did; why then that Art, or rather that Artifice, with which a great many Writers of Verses and Plays debauch

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bauch and corrupt the People, is a thing to which Poetry is as directly contrary, as a Virgin is to a Whore. And these People are no more Poets, than those Empricks, are Physicians who make their *Jack-Puddings* swallow Potions to commend them to the People,

In the foresaid Treatise we clearly shew them, that Piety and Virtue was not only the first Original, but that it has been, is and will be the only solid Basis, nay and the very Life and Soul of the Greater Poetry. That the farther Poetry declines from that, the farther it recedes from its very Nature and Essence; and that the true Poetry is as inconsistent and as incompatible with Vice, as the Harmony, and Light, and Raptures of Heaven with the gloomy Horrors of Hell; and the proving this in so clear a manner as we pretend to do, will oblige those Poets who are never so profligate in their Inclinations, to be virtuous at least in their Writings.

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Both they and their Readers will then be satisfied, that the true Poetical Genius is a great and a sacred thing; and, to quote an Admirable passage from *Milton*, 'Is, 'wherever it is found, the inspir'd 'Gift of God, rarely bestow'd, but 'yet to some (says he) in ev'ry 'Nation, tho' most abuse it: and is 'of power, beside the Office of a 'Pulpit, to imbreed and cherish in 'a great People the Seeds of Vir- 'tue and publick Civility, to allay 'the Perturbations of the Mind, 'and set the Affections in a right 'Tune, to celebrate in glorious and 'lofty Hymns the Throne and 'Equipage of God's Almightyness, 'and what he works, and what 'he suffers to be wrought with 'high providence in his Church; to 'sing victorious Agonies of Mar- 'tyrs and Saints, the Deeds and 'Triumphs of just and pious Na- 'tions, doing valiantly, thro' Faith, 'against the Enemies of Christ; to 'deplore the general Relapses of
King-

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‘ Kingdoms and States from Justice
‘ and God’s true Worship. Lastly,
‘ Whatever in Religion is holy and
‘ sublime, in Virtue amiable or
‘ grave, whatever hath Passion or
‘ Admiration in all the changes of
‘ that which is call’d Fortune from
‘ without, or the wily Subtleties
‘ and Reflexes of Man’s Thoughts
‘ from within; all these things
‘ with a solid and treatable Smooth-
‘ ness to point out and describe;
‘ teaching over the whole Book of
‘ Sanctity and Virtue, thro’ all the
‘ instances of example, with such de-
‘ light, to those especially of soft
‘ and delicious temper, who will
‘ not so much as look upon Truth
‘ her self, unless they see her ele-
‘ gantly drest; that whereas the
‘ paths of Honesty and Good-life ap-
‘ pear now rugged and difficult,
‘ tho’ they be indeed easie and plea-
‘ sant, they would then appear to
‘ all Men both easie and pleasant,
‘ tho’ they were rugged and diffi-
‘ cult indeed. And what a Bene-
‘ fit this would be to our Youth

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'and Gentry (*continues he*) may be
'soon guest by what we know of
'the Corruption and Bane which
'they suck in daily from the Wri-
'tings and Interludes of libidinous
'and ignorant Poetafters, who ha-
'ving scarce ever heard of that
'which is the main Consistence of
'a true Poem, the Choice of such
'persons as they ought to introduce,
'and what is moral and decent to
'each one, do for the most part lap
'up vicious Principles in sweet
'Pills to be fwallow'd down, and
'make the taste of virtuous Do-
'cuments harsh and sour. Thus
far goes *Milton*: And the Reader
may see that it was his Opinion,
That tho Poetry was in the main
miserably funk among us; yet, that
it might be restor'd to its Inno-
cence, and its Greatness. In or-
der then to the doing this we
come to display,

Secondly, The Method that we
follow in the foremention'd *Criti-*
cism

We

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We begin then with a *Criticism* upon Poetry in general; in which we endeavour to shew its Nature, and its End, and the means which it ought to use for the attaining that End. And then we come to divide Poetry into its two great Branches, the Greater and the Less.

I. We treat of the Greater Poetry, shew what its Nature and its End are; and that the only certain Method for the attaining its End, is, the keeping strictly up to its Nature, which seems to have been hitherto not very clearly understood. And here we shall lay down some general Rules, which are both few and short, but eternal and unalterable; and for the want of observing which, it will appear throughout this whole Treatise, that the very best among the Ancients, and among the Moderns, have not only made gross Mistakes, but have deviated sometimes, in a great degree, from the Art.

And

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And here too we endeavour to shew the mutual Dependance that the Greater Poetry has on Religion, and Religion on the Greater Poetry; and to make it appear, that all those parts of the Old Testament which were writ in Verse, ought to be translated in Verse, by Reasons which may have force enough to convince us, that Verse translated into Prose is but half translated.

When we have done this, we come to Heroick Poetry; which being a Branch of the Greater Poetry, must have the same End, and must participate of the same Nature; and must besides, have something particular in its Nature to distinguish it from the other two Branches, which are Tragedy, and the Greater Ode. But because too much bare Speculation may prove tedious to several Readers, we shew what every Poet who writes an Epick Poem is oblig'd to do, to make that Poem keep to the Nature
of

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of Epick Poetry in general, and to its own: This, I say, we endeavour to shew, not by laying down the Rules after the common Method, but by shewing what *Virgil* has done; because that great Poet is so exact, that he may be said to have written a *Criticism* upon Epick Poetry by Examples, and because he is now, by Mr. *Dryden's* Translation, to be reckon'd among our own Poets; and so comes within the compass of my Design.

When by doing this we have laid down the Rules, we come briefly to examine, Whether those Rules are always to be kept inviolable; and if they are not, in what parts, and by whom, they may be alter'd. Then we shew how *Spencer*, by not following those Rules, fell so very far short of the Ancients; And afterwards we endeavour to make it appear, how *Milton*, by daring to break a little loose from them in some particulars, kept up in several others to the Nature of the
Greater

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Greater Poetry in general, and of Epick Poetry in particular, better than the best of the Ancients. After this we treat of the other *English* Poets, who have written any thing that comes near to Heroick Poetry; and shew of them all, as we go along, how they differ from one another, how from the best of the Ancient Poets, and the best of the Moderns of other Countries.

The Branch of the Greater Poetry which we consider next is Tragedy, which we treat of after the same manner with Heroick Poetry, and shew what ev'ry one who writes a Tragedy is oblig'd to do, to make that Poem come up to the Nature of the Greater Poetry in general, and of Tragedy in particular, by shewing what *Sophocles* has done in his *OEdipus* (which will be there translated) and for what Reasons; where we endeavour to display the Beauties of his admirable Conduct, and to clear the Moral by a very different Method from what *Monsieur Dacier* has taken. And after

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ter that by doing this we have laid down the Rules, the first of any length that were ever extant in *Englisch*, we by those examine the Plays of our most celebrated Tragick Poets, in their Fables, Characters, Sentiments, Expressions, Harmony ; shew what distinguishes them, from one another, from the best of the Ancients, and the most famous Moderns of other Countries. And here we make it our business to shew how much the present *Englisch* Stage is degenerated from the Virtue and Greatness of the Ancient Tragedy, and what is to be done to restore Modern Tragedy first to the Innocence, and secondly to the Greatness of the *Grecian* Stage. And here we examine whether it is not possible to advance *Englisch* Tragedy to a greater Height than ever the *Grecian* Poets arriv'd.

In the next place we descend to the third and last Branch of the Greater Poetry, which is the Greater Ode, which we treat of after the same man-

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manner with the two preceding, and shew what the composer of such an Ode is oblig'd to do, to make it keep up to the Nature of the Greater Poetry in general, and to its own. And here we have occasion to take notice, that of these three Branches of Poetry, the Ode is the most degenerated: For since the Nature of Poetry consists in Passion; and that of the Greater Poetry in great Passion, as we make it appear in the foremention'd *Criticizm*; and since that which we commonly call Passion is very rarely to be found in the Greater Ode, it follows that the excellence of the Greater Ode must consist in extraordinary Passion, which can be nothing but strong *Enthusiasm*; but Religion is the greatest, noblest, strongest source of *Enthusiasm* as we very clearly shew; so that the Modern Ode, by forsaking Religion, and becoming for the most part prophane, has parted with that from which it deriv'd its greatest excellence.

And

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And that the excellence of the Greater Ode is deriv'd from Religion, we make appear not only by the Examples of those very few which are admirable among our own, but by those of *Pindar* and *Horace*; and we shew that the first of those great Masters was so thoroughly convinc'd of this at the same time, that he was oblig'd, by the desire of Gain, to celebrate the Triumphs of worthless Coachmen and Jockeys, that his numerous extravagant Digressions are to be attributed, in a great measure, to that Conviction join'd with that Obligation. When we have done this,

2. We descend to the other division of Poetry, which is the Less; and shall treat of those Branches of it in which our *English* Poets are most concern'd, after the same Method that we treated of those of the Greater. Where first we shall speak of the Little Ode,

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Ode, and shew for what Reasons our *English* Poets have, for the most part miscarried in it. Then we shall give the Reader a large *Criticism* upon Comedy, the first of any Moment that will be extant upon it in any Language. And here we shall endeavour to make it appear, that as the Moderns have apparently the advantage of the Ancients in Comedy, the *English* have it of the rest of the Moderns.

We shall end with a *Criticism* upon Satyr, where we shall shew the true difference between that and a Libel or Lampoon; and the usefulness of the one, and destructiveness of the other.

Thus have we laid before the Reader the Design and Method of the Work. But because the discerning Reader cannot but see, that it is impossible for any Bookseller to make it worth the Undertaker's Trouble in employing so much

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much Time and Thought as so great and important a Design requires, the lovers of *Criticism* are therefore desir'd, at least those who have Spirit enough to promote so generous an Undertaking, to encourage it by their Subscriptions at the Rate of a Guinea a Book, paying half a Guinea down at the time of subscribing, and half at the delivery of the Book in Quires; the Undertaker at the same time promising, that not a Book shall be printed more than the number subscribed.

For the greater variety, the Lives of the several *English* Poets will be added in their proper places.

b S P E.

SPECIMEN.

*Being the Substance of what
will be said in the Begin-
ning of the Criticism upon
Mil-ton.*

THE next Poet of whom
we shall treat is *Mil-
ton*, one of the greatest and
most daring Genius's that
has appear'd in the World,
and who has made his Coun-
try a glorious present of the
most lofty, but most irregu-
lar Poem, that has been pro-
duc'd by the Mind of Man.
That great Man had a desire
to give the World something
like an Epick Poem; but he
resolv'd at the same time to
break

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break thro' the Rules of *Aristotle*. Not that he was ignorant of them, or contemn'd them. On the contrary, no Man knew them better, or esteemed them more, because no Man had an Understanding that was more able to comprehend the necessity of them; and therefore when he mention'd them in the little Treatise which he wrote to Mr. *Hartlib*, he calls the Art which treats of them, a sublime Art. But at the same time he had discernment enough to see, that if he wrote a Poem which was within the compass of them, he should be subjected to the same Fate which has attended all who have wrote Epick Poems ever since the time of *Homer*;

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and that is to be a Copyist instead of an Original. 'Tis true, the Epick Poets who have liv'd since *Homer*, have most of them been Originals in their Fables, which are the very Souls of their Poems; but in their manner of treating those Fables, they have too frequently been Copyists, They have Copied the Spirit and the Images of *Homer*; even the great *Virgil* himself is not to be excepted. *Milton* was the first, who in the space of almost 4000 Years, resolved, for his Country's Honour and his own, to present the World with an Original Poem; that is to say, a Poem that should have his own Thoughts, his own Images, and his own

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own Spirit. In order to this he was resolved to write a Poem, that, by vertue of its extraordinary Subject, cannot so properly be said to be against the Rules, as it may be affirmed to be above them all. He had observ'd, that *Aristotle* had drawn his Rules which he has given us for Epick Poetry from the Reflections which he had made upon *Homer*. Now he knew very well, that in *Homer* the Action lay chiefly between Man and Man: For *Achilles* and *Hector* are properly the Principals, and the Gods are but Seconds. He was resolved therefore, that his Principals should be the Devil on one side and Man on the other: and the Devil is properly

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perly his Hero, because he gets the better. All the persons in his Poem, excepting two, are either Divine or Infernal. So that most of the Persons and particularly one of the Principals, being so very different from what *Homer* or *Aristotle* ever thought of, could not possibly be subjected to their Rules, either for the Characters or the Incidents. We shall now shew for what Reasons the choice of *Milton's* Subject, as it set him free from the Obligation which he lay under to the Poetical Laws, so it necessarily threw him upon new Thoughts, new Images, and an Original Spirit. In the next place we shall shew, that his Thoughts,

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Thoughts, his Images, and by consequence too his Spirit, are actually new, and different from those of *Homer* and *Virgil*. Thirdly, We shall shew, that besides their Newness, they have vastly the Advantage of those of *Homer* and *Virgil*. And we shall make this appear from several things, but principally from the Description of Hell, which has been describ'd by those three great Poets with all their Force and with all their Art. After that, we shall proceed to say something of *Milton's* Expression and his Harmony; and then we shall come to mark his Defects with so much the more exactness, because some of them ought to be

The Preface.

avoided with the utmost Caution, as being so great, that they would be Insupportable in any one who had not his extraordinary Distinguishing Qualities.

Thus have we laid before the Reader the Design and Method, and Specimen of the larger Treatise. It now remains that I should give an Account why so small a part of it is Publish'd. As soon as I set about the Performance, I easily foresaw that it would be a three Years Labour, and the Judicious Reader, upon considering the Proposal, cannot but be convinc'd of it. Yet after I had been for a whole Year Digesting my own Thoughts, and considering other Peoples, and making all sorts of Preparations for the due Execution of so great a Design: I saw that all the Persons who had Subscrib'd, were they whose Names the Reader will find in the Order of their Subscribing.

PHilip Harman, Esq;

Richard Norton, Esq; *for Six.*

Henry Maxwell, Esq;

The Hon. Robert Bruce, Esq;

Sir Thomas Aston.

The Right Honourable the Lord
Somers.

The Right Honourable the Lord
Fanshaw.

The Right Honourable the Lord
Jefferies.

Dr. Gibbons.

Craven Payton, Esq;

Mr. Holloway.

Mr. Row.

Sir Richard Temple. Mr.

Mr. Thomas Walker.

Mr. Hubbald.

Mr. William Burton.

John Sansom, Esq;

His Grace the Duke of Devon-
shire.

James Vernon, Jun. Esq;

William Welby, Esq;

Mr. Paul Docmenique.

Richard Minshul, Esq;

His Grace the Duke of Ar-
gyle.

Mr. Earl.

Mr. Jubbs.

Mrs.

Mrs. Manley.

Mrs. Dore.

The Hon. William Walfsh, Esq;

The Honourable Coll. Thompson.

Mr. Tho. Walker.

Anthony Henley, Esq; for two.

Doctor Garth.

The Right Honourable the Lord
Huntington.

The Right Honourable the Earl
of Orrery.

Henry Blunt, Esq;

The Right Honourable the Lord
Wharton.

Christo-

Christopher Rich, Esq;

Dr. Colebatch.

**The Honourable Colonel Lewis
Mordant.**

Francis Wilkinson, Esq;

Sir Mark Milbank.

Sir John Crisp.

Sir William Ramfden.

William Spelman, Esq;

William Wild Esq;

Captain Chapman.

Sir Pincet Charnock.

John Cox, Esq;

Mr. Blackbourn.

Mr.

Mr. John Rogers.

*The Right Honourable the
Lord Winchelsea.*

*The Right Honourable the Lord
North and Grey.*

Sir George Markam.

The Lady Broadgrave.

Tho. Serjeant, Esq.

Sir Richard Blackmore.

Doctor Humphrey Brook.

Mr. Heath.

Francis Ratcliff, Esq;

*The Right Honourable the
Lord Bruce.*

Henry Davenant, Esq;

William

William Knapper, Esq;

Sir John Cropley.

Mr. Colclough.

Mr. Battersby.

Mr. Motteux, *for Two.*

Mr. Burnaby.

The Right Honourable the
Lord Windsor, for Two.

Sir John Cotton.

Mr. Philemon Lloyd.

Thomas Brown, Esq;

Edward Bullock, Esq;

John Morley, Esq;

Mrs.

Mrs. Fencill.

John Kent, Esq;

Mr. George Slee.

Mr. Ballam.

These are the Names of all the Persons who subscrib'd for a whole Year ; excepting four or five whose Names I never could know, and who Subscrib'd either to Mr. Maxwell, or Mr. Welby, or Mr. Harman, which three Gentlemen, and Doctor Garth appear'd most active in the promoting of this Design, and if ten more had undertaken it with the same Warmth that they did, the whole Design had been actually now Finish'd. My Friends know very well that I was three Months Employ'd about that Work, after the last Subscription came in, and I appeal to them if it was not then high time to lay it aside for something that might be more Beneficial. I have Printed all that I had by me entire, to shew that I was in very good Earnest, and that it was not my Fault that

The Preface.

*that I did not do the rest. If I could
but have Leisure to go through with it,
there is nothing that I could undertake with
greater Satisfaction.*

John Kent, Esq.

Mr. George Sibley

Mr. Ballman

THE

These are the Names of the Editors
who published the whole in
one or two Volumes I never saw
known, and who published it in
Albany, at the Office of the
Harvard, which then contained
Professor Galt's office, and in
the premises of the Editor, and of the
more had undertaken it with the same
and that they did, the whole design
had been with me, and I was
known very well that I was the Editor
I published it in the year 1800, and I
published it in the year 1800, and I
if it was not from this time to the
the for forward that might be more
henceforth. I was printed all that I had
by me entire, so that I was in every
good Europe, and that it was not my fault
that

THE
Grounds of Criticism
IN
POETRY.

CHAP. I.

*The Design of the following Treatise,
is, the Reestablishment of Poetry.*

THE design of the ensuing
Treatise, whether we consider
the Importance or the Extent
of it, is perhaps the Greatest in this
kind of Writing, that has been con-
ceived by the Moderns; for 'tis no
less than an Attempt to restore
and reestablish the noblest Art in
B every

every Branch of it ; an Art that by the Barbarity of the Times is fall'n and sunk in them all, and has been driv'n and banish'd from every Country excepting *England* alone, and is even here so miserably fall'n for the most part by the extravagance of its Professors, and by the unskilfulness of its Admirers, that we have reason to apprehend it to be departing from hence too.

That Poetry is the noblest of all Arts, and by consequence the most instructive and most beneficial to Mankind, may be prov'd by the concurring Testimony of the greatest Men, who have lived in every Age ; the greatest Philosophers, the greatest Heroes, and the greatest Statesmen, who have as it were unanimously cherish'd, esteem'd, admir'd it, and never has it been disesteem'd or neglected by any but some pretenders to Wisdom, and by some contemptible Politicians, Persons who have got into the management of Affairs only by the weakness of those who have employ'd them, and who have utterly wanted Capacity

capacity to know what a glorious use may be made of it, for the benefit of civil Society: But in the sequel of this Discourse, by discovering the Nature of Poetry in general, (which seems to me to have been hitherto but little understood) I shall clearly shew its Excellence, and the Importance of this Undertaking. And by laying down either the general Rules of it, or by tracing out that sublime Art, which to make use of *Milton's* Expression, teaches what the Laws are of a true Epick Poem, what of a Dramatick, what of a Lyrick, what Decorum is, what is the grand Master-piece to observe. I shall not only lay a good Foundation for the judging of the Performance of the several Poets, whose Works I have undertaken to examine, but shall as *Milton* says in his Treatise of Education to Mr. *Hartlip*, soon make the World perceive what despicable Creatures our common Rhymers and Play-Wrights are, and shew them what Religious, what Glorious and Magnificent Use may be made of Poetry,

etry, both in Divine and in Human things.

C H A P. II.

That Poetry is to be Eſtabliſhed, by laying down Rules.

THAT an Art ſo Divine in its Inſtitution, is ſunk and profaned, and miſerably debaſed, is a thing that is confeſt by all. But ſince Poetry is fallen from the Excellence which it once attained to, it muſt be fallen either by the want of Parts, or want of Induſtry, or by the Errors of its Profeſſors. But that it cannot be for want of Parts, we have ſhewn clearly in the Advancement of modern Poetry; nor can it be ſuppoſed to be for want of Induſtry, ſince ſo many of its Profeſſors have no other Dependance? It remains then that it muſt have fall'n by their Errors, and for want of being guided right. Since therefore

fore 'tis for want of knowing by what Rules they ought to proceed, that Poetry is fall'n so low, it follows then that it is the laying down of those Rules alone, that can re-establish it. In short, Poetry is either an Art, or Whimsie and Fanaticism. If it is an Art, it follows that it must propose an end to it self, and afterwards lay down proper Means for the attaining that end: For this is undeniable, that there are proper Means for the attaining of every end, and those proper Means in Poetry, we call the Rules. Again, if the end of Poetry be to instruct and reform the World, that is, to bring Mankind from Irregularity, Extravagance and Confusion, to Rule and Order, how this should be done by a thing that is in it self irregular and extravagant, is difficult to be conceived. Besides, the work of every reasonable Creature must derive its Beauty from Regularity, for Reason is Rule and Order, and nothing can be irregular either in our Conceptions or our Actions, any further than it swerves from Rule, that is, from

Reason. As Man is the more perfect, the more he resembles his Creator: The Works of Man must needs be more perfect, the more they resemble his Makers. Now the Works of God tho' infinitely various, are extreamly regular.

The Universe is regular in all its Parts, and it is to that exact Regularity that it owes its admirable Beauty. The Microcosm owes the Beauty and Health both of its Body and Soul to Order, and the Deformity and Distempers of both, to nothing but the want of Order. Man was created like the rest of the Creatures, regular, and as long as he remained so he continued happy; but as soon as he fell from his Primitive State, by transgressing Order, Weakness and Misery was the immediate Consequence of that Universal Disorder that immediately followed in his Conceptions, in his Passions and Actions.

The great design of Arts is to restore the decays that happen'd to Humane Nature by the Fall, by restoring Order: The design of
Logick

Logick is to bring back Order, and Rule, and Method to our Conceptions, the want of which causes most of our Ignorance, and all our Errors. The design of moral Philosophy is to cure the disorder that is found in our Passions, from which proceeds all our Unhappiness, and all our Vice ; as from the due order that is seen in them, comes all our Virtue and all our Pleasure. But how should these Arts reestablish Order, unless they themselves were Regular ? Those Arts that make the Senses instrumental to the Pleasure of the Mind, as Painting and Musick, do it by a great deal of Rule and Order, since therefore Poetry comprehends the force of all these Arts of Logick, of Ethicks, of Eloquence, of Painting, of Musick ; can any thing be more ridiculous than to imagine, that Poetry it self should be without Rule and Order ?

C H A P. III.

*What Poetry is, and that it
attains its end by exciting
of Passion.*

WE have said above, that as Poetry is an Art, it must have a certain end, and that there must be means that are proper for the attaining that end, which means are otherwise call'd the Rules : But that we may make this appear the more plainly, let us declare what Poetry is. Poetry then is an Art, by which a Poet excites Passion (and for that very cause entertains Sense) in order to satisfy and improve, to delight and reform the Mind, and so to make Mankind happier and better ; from which it appears that Poetry has two Ends, a subordinate and a final one, the subordinate one is Pleasure, and the final one is Instruction.

First,

First, The subordinate end of Poetry is to please, for that Pleasure is the business and design of Poetry is evident, because Poetry unless it pleases, nay and pleases to a height, is the most contemptible thing in the World; other things may be born with if they are indifferent, but Poetry unless it is transporting is abominable: nay it has only the Name of Poetry, so inseparable is Pleasure from the very nature of the Thing.

But Secondly, The final End of Poetry is to reform the Manners; as Poetry is an Art, Instruction must be its final End; but either that Instruction must consist in reforming the Manners, or it cannot instruct at all, and consequently be an Art; for Poetry pretends to no other Instruction as its final End: But since the final End of Poetry is to reform the Manners, nothing can be according to the true Art of it which is against Religion, or which runs counter to Moral Vertue, or to the true Politicks, and to the Liberty of Mankind; and every
 thing

thing which is against the last, tends to the Corruption and Destruction of Mankind : And consequently every thing against the last, must be utterly inconsistent with the true Art of Poetry.

Now the proper Means for Poetry, to attain both its subordinate and final End, is by exciting Passion. *First*, The subordinate End of Poetry, which is to please, is attained by exciting Passion, because every one who is pleased is moved, and either desires, or rejoices, or admires, or hopes, or the like. As we are moved by Pleasure which is Happiness, to do every thing we do, we may find upon a little Reflection, That every Man is incited by some Passion or other, either to Action, or to Contemplation ; and Passion is the result either of Action or of Contemplation , as long as either of them please, and the more either of them pleases, the more they are attended with Passion. The satisfaction that we receive from Geometry it self comes from the joy of having found out
Truth

Truth, and the desire of finding more. And the satiety that seises us upon too long a Lecture, proceeds from nothing but from the weariness of our Spirits, and consequently from the cessation or the decay of those two pleasing Passions. But

Secondly, Poetry attains its final end, which is the reforming the Minds of Men, by exciting of Passion. And here I dare be bold to affirm, that all Instruction whatever, depends upon Passion. The Moral Philosophers themselves, even the driest of them, can never instruct and reform, unless they move; for either they make Vice odious and Vertue lovely, or they deter you from one by the Apprehension of Misery, or they incite you to the other, by the Happiness they make you expect from it; or they work upon your Shame, or upon your Pride, or upon your Indignation. And therefore Poetry instructs and reforms more powerfully than Philosophy can do, because it moves more powerfully: And therefore it instructs
more

more easily too. For whereas all Men have Passions, and great Passions of one sort or another, and whereas those Passions will be employed, and whatever way they move, they that way draw the Man, it follows that Philosophy can instruct but hardly, because it moves but gently; for the violent Passions not finding their Account in those faint emotions, begin to rebel and fly to their old Objects, whereas Poetry at the same time that it instructs us powerfully, must reform us easily; because it makes the very Violence of the Passions contribute to our Reformation: For the generality of Mankind are apparently swayed by their Passions, nay, and perhaps the very best and wisest of them. The greatest Philosophers and the greatest Princes are influenced by their Favourites, and so are the wisest Magistrates. And 'tis for this reason that not only the Devil, who must be suppos'd to understand human nature, corrupts Mankind by their Passions; (for Temptation is nothing but the inclining Men to such and such Actions, by the raising

ing such and such Passions in them) but God himself, who made the Soul, and best understands its nature, converts it by its Passions: For whereas Philosophy pretends to correct human Passions by human Reason, that is, things that are strong and ungovernable, by something that is feeble and weak, Poetry by the force of the Passion, instructs and reforms the Reason; which is the Design of the true Religion, as we have shewn in another place. So that we have here already laid down one great Rule, necessary for the succeeding in Poetry: For since it can attain neither its subordinate nor its final End, without exciting of Passion, it follows, that where there is nothing which directly tends to the moving of that, there can be no Poetry; and that consequently, a Poet ought to contrive every thing in order to the moving of Passion, that not only the Fable, the Incidents and Characters, but the very Sentiments and the Expressions, ought all to be designed for that: For since Poetry pleases and instructs us more, even than Philosophy

Philosophy it self, only because it moves us more, it follows, that the more Poetry moves, the more it pleases and instructs; and it is for this reason that Tragedy, to those who have a Taste of it, is both more pleasing and more instructing, than Comedy. And this naturally brings us to the dividing Poetry into the greater and the less.

1. The greater Poetry is an Art by which a Poet justly and reasonably excites great Passion, that he may please and instruct, and comprehends Epick, Tragick, and the greater Lyrick Poetry.

2. The less Poetry is an Art by which a Poet excites less Passion for the forementioned Ends; and includes in it, Comedy and Satyr, and the little Ode, and Elegiack, and Pastoral Poems. But first we shall treat of the former.

C H A P. IV.

*What the greater Poetry is,
what Enthusiasm is.*

TH E greater Poetry then, is an Art by which a Poet justly and reasonably excites great Passion, in order to please and instruct, and make Mankind better and happier; so that the first and grand Rule in the greater Poetry is, that a Poet must every where excite great Passion; but in some Branches of the greater Poetry, it is impossible for a Poet every where to excite in a very great degree, that which we vulgarly call Passion: As in the Ode for Example, and in the Narration of the Epick Poem. It follows then that there must be two sorts of Passion. *First*, That which we call Vulgar Passion, and *Secondly*, Enthusiasm.

First, Vulgar Passion or that which we commonly call Passion, is that which is moved by the Objects

jects themselves, or by the Idea's in the ordinary course of Life, I mean that common Society which we find in the World. As for Example, Anger is moved by an Affront that is offered us in our presence, or by the relation of one; Pitty by the sight of a mournful Object, or the relation of one; Admiration or Wonder, (the common Passion I mean, for there is an Enthusiastick Admiration, as we shall find anon) by the sight of a strange Object, or the relation of one. But

Secondly, Enthusiastick Passion or Enthusiasm, is a Passion which is moved by the Idea's in Contemplation or the Meditation of Things, that belong not to common Life: Most of our Thoughts in Meditation, are naturally attended with some sort and some degree of Passion, and this Passion if it is strong I call Enthusiasm: Now, the Enthusiastick Passions are chiefly Six, Admiration, Terror, Horror, Joy, Sadness, Desire, caused by Idea's occuring to us in Meditation, and producing

producing the same Passions that the Objects of those Idea's would raise in us , if they were set before us in the same Light that those Idea's give us of them. And here I desire the Reader to observe , that Idea's in Meditation, are often very different from what Idea's of the same Objects are, in the course of common Conversation. As for Example, the Sun mention'd in ordinary Conversation, gives the Idea of a round flat shining Body, of about Two Foot Diameter. But the Sun occurring to us in Meditation , gives the Idea of a vast and glorious Body, and the top of all the visible Creation, and the brightest material Image of the Divinity. I leave the Reader therefore to judge, if this Idea must not necessarily be attended with Admiration, and that Admiration I call Enthusiasm. So Thunder mention'd in common Conversation, gives an Idea of a black Cloud, and a great Noise, which makes no great Impression upon us. But the Idea of it occurring in Medi-

C

tation,

tation, sets before us the most forcible, most resistless, and consequently the most dreadful Phenomenon in Nature: So that this Idea must move a great deal of Terror in us, and 'tis this sort of Terror that I call Enthusiasm. And 'tis this sort of Terror, or Admiration, or Horror, and so of the rest, which express in Poetry, make that Spirit, that Passion, and that Fire which so wonderfully please.

Thus there are two sorts of Passions to be rais'd in Poetry, the Vulgar and the Enthusiastick, to which last, the Vulgar is preferable, because all Men are capable of being moved by the Vulgar, and a Poet writes to all: But the Enthusiastick are more subtle, and Thousands have no feeling and no notion of them; but where the Vulgar cannot be moved in a great degree, there the Enthusiastick are to be rais'd. Therefore in those parts of Epick Poetry, where the Poet speaks himself, or the Eldest of the Muses for him, the Enthusiastick

fiastick Passions are to prevail, as likewise in the greater Ode. And the Vulgar Passions are to prevail in those parts of an Epick and Dramatick Poem, where the Poet introduces Persons holding Conversation together. And perhaps this might be one Reason, for which *Aristotle* might prefer Tragedy to Epick Poetry, because the Vulgar Passions prevail more in it, and are more violently mov'd in it, and therefore Tragedy must necessarily both please, and instruct more generally than Epick Poetry. We shall then treat of the Vulgar Passions when we come to speak of Tragedy, in which Poem they ought most to prevail; We shall then more particularly shew the surest and most powerful ways of raising Compassion and Terror, which are the true Tragical Passions.

We shall at present treat of the Enthusiastick Passions, and how they are to be rais'd. We have taken notice above that they are to be mov'd by Idea's occurring

in Contemplation, that they are to be mov'd in a great degree, and yet justly and reasonably. We shall now shew that the strongest Enthusiastick Passions, that are justly and reasonably rais'd, must be rais'd by religious Idea's, that is, by Idea's which either shew the attributes of the Divinity, or relate to his Worship. And this we shall endeavour to prove, 1st. by Reason; 2^{ly}. by Authority; 3^{ly}. by Examples.

First, We shall endeavour to prove it by Reason. Since the fore-said Passions are to be moved in a great Degree, and are to be moved by their Idea's, it follows, That to be justly and reasonably moved, they must be moved by great Idea's. And therefore the stronger the Enthusiasm is, the greater must the Idea's be. Now those Idea's are certainly the greatest, which are worthiest to move the greatest and the wisest Men: For there the Enthusiastick Passions in Poetry are truly admirable, when
the

the greater and more violent they are, the more they show the largeness of Soul, and greatness of Capacity of the Writer. For Men are moved for Two Reasons, either because they have weak Minds and Souls, that are capable of being moved by little Objects, and consequently by little and ordinary Idea's; or because they have greatness of Soul and Capacity, to discern and feel the great ones; for the Enthusiastick Passions being caus'd by the Idea's, it follows, That the more the Soul is capable of receiving Idea's whose Objects are truly great and wonderful, the greater will the Enthusiasm be that is caus'd by those Idea's; From whence it follows, that the greater the Soul is, and the larger the Capacity, the more will it be moved by religious Idea's; which are not only great and wonderful, but which almost alone are great and wonderful to a great and wise Man; and which never fail to move very strongly, unless it is for want of due Reflection, or want of Capacity in the Subject. C 3 Since

Since therefore the Enthusiasm in the greater Poetry, is to hold Proportion with the Idea's, and those Idea's are certainly the greatest, which are worthiest to move the greatest and the wisest Men; and Divine Idea's or Idea's which shew the Attributes of God, or relate to his Worship, are worthiest to move the greatest and the wisest Men; because such Idea's belong to Objects which are only truly above them, and consequently truly Admirable, Desirable, Joyful, Terrible, &c. it follows, That the greatest and strongest Enthusiasm that can be employ'd in Poetry, is only justly and reasonably to be derived from Religious Idea's.

But here we desire the Reader's leave to make this Observation, That since Religious and Divine Idea's, or Idea's which shew the Attributes, or relate to the Worship of the Divinity, are the worthiest to move the greatest and the wisest Men; and the greater and wiser the Men are, the more they must move and raise them: As for Example,

ample, The greater and more comprehensive the Soul is, which reflects upon the Idea of God, the more that Idea must fill that Soul with Admiration; it follows, That as great Passion, only is the adequate Language of the greater Poetry; so the greater Poetry, is only the adequate Language of Religion; and that therefore the greatest Passion, is the Language of that sort of Poetry; because that sort of Poetry is the worthiest Language of Religion.

But *Secondly*, We shall proceed to prove by Authority, That the strongest Enthusiastick Passions in Poetry, are only justly and reasonably to be rais'd by Religious Ideas: And this we shall show by the Authority of the greatest Critics among the Antients, *Aristotle*, *Hermogenes*, and *Longinus*.

First, *Aristotle* says, in the third Book of his Rhetorick, *Cap. II. and III.* That the frequent use of Metaphors, Dialects, Epithets, is a great deal fitter for Poetry than it

is for Prose, because they are the Language of Passion, and Poetry is more Passionate or more Enthusiastick than Prose, for this Reason, because the Persons and the Things of which Poetry treats, are many degrees above those which are the Subjects of Prose. Now all the World knows that the Græcians, treated of the greatest Human Persons and Things in their Prose, but that Poetry was a Language which they reserv'd for their Gods, and for the Things which related to them. And I am apt to believe, that Poetry from hence was called, the Language of the Gods, because when ever the Græcians in the Poetical times, introduc'd their God's Speaking, they were sure to speak in Verse. But

Secondly, *Hermogenes*, in the VI. Chapter of the First Book of his Treatise, concerning the Forms of Speech, tells us, That there are Four kind of Thoughts or Idea's, or Conceptions, which were proper to give that elevation and gravity to a Discourse, which by their union

on compose that quality in Writing which we call Majesty.

1. The First and Principal of them are, all such Thoughts or Idea's of God, as are worthy of the Divinity, not like some of the Hometical Conceptions of *Jupiter*, which says *Hermogenes*, being more Human than Divine, and unworthy of the Divinity, are contrary to true Majesty.

2. Next to these the Conceptions which give Elevation and Gravity, and consequently Majesty to a Discourse, are such Thoughts or Idea's concerning the Works of God, as are worthy the Divine Workmanship.

3. The Third sort of Conceptions are, of such Things as are indeed themselves Divine, but they are such Emanations of Divinity, as are to be seen in Men, as Justice, Temperance, Fortitude, Nature, Law and the like, to which may be added, Number, Power and Might.

4. The Fourth sort are, of Things that indeed are Human, but are reputed

reputed Great and Illustrious, as, Conquest, Riches, Nobility, Place, &c. But here I desire the Reader to observe, That *Hermogenes* is here speaking concerning Peices of Eloquence, and such Discourses as are writ in Prose; for it is certain, that these last Idea's as they are of Things that are meerly Human, can never afford the greatest Spirit that can be imploy'd in Poetry. For as the Objects themselves are not truly great, because, as *Longinus* says, A Man who has it in his Power to possess them, shows himself Great by contemning them: It is impossible that a Spirit that is very great, can flow from these Idea's, because the Spirit that is very great, must hold proportion with its Idea's, as the Idea's must with their Objects; and therefore these Idea's cannot be great, because their Objects are not great. We ought now in the *Third* Place, to proceed to the Authority of *Longinus*. But that we may Diversifie this Treatise the more, and make it the more entertaining, we shall first

first shew Examples of the several kinds of the foremention'd Thoughts, producing that sort of Spirit in Poetry which we call Enthusiastick Admiration, and that we may show the Reader more plainly how that Spirit is produc'd, we shall set before him as near as we can, such kind of Thoughts as inspire the Soul with Admiration alone, uncomplicated with Terror, or any other Passion.

These Thoughts, or Idea's, which produce that Enthusiasm which we call Admiration, are Thoughts or Idea's which hold some proportion with such Objects, as in their Nature are truly admirable. Those Thoughts or Idea's are of Two sorts, Idea's of Sounds, and Idea's of Things. We shall then have occasion to treat of Idea's of Sounds, when we come to speak of Terror, and some of the other Enthusiastick Passions; we shall at present treat of such Idea's of Things, as are proper to excite Admiration.

We

We have shown that *Hermogenes* in the first Rank of these, reckons those Thoughts and Idea's of God, that are worthy of the Creator: Such is the Invocation of *Milton*, in the beginning of *Paradise Lost*.

And chiefly Thou, O Spirit! that dost prefer
Before all Temples, th' upright Heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st, Thou from the first
Wast present, and with Mighty Wings o'erspread,
Dove-like Sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss:
And mad'st it pregnant what in me is Dark,
Flumin, what is Low raise and support,
That to the Height of this great Argument
I may assert, Eternal Providence;
And justify the Ways of God to Men.

And that it was these Divine
Idea's, that rais'd his Soul and fill'd
it with Admiration, and with a
noble Greatness, which Passion ex-
press, makes the greatness of the
Spirit,

Spirit, the Reader who goes back to the beginning of the Poem, will find no manner of room to doubt. For *Milton*, like a Master, begins with a gentle Spirit, which he continues for the Twelve first Lines: In the Thirteenth where he speaks of the boldness of his Attempt, he begins to rise; and in the Nineteenth, where he talks of the Power of the Holy Ghost, he is quite upon the Wing.

Instruct me, for Thou know'st, Thou from the first.

And such are the Thoughts concerning God, which are spread thro' that Divine Dialogue, between God and *Adam*, in the Eighth Book of the same Poem; I believe the Reader will pardon the length if I repeat it, which I am very much inclin'd to do, not only because I challenge the most zealous admirers of Antiquity, to produce any thing like it, from among all the Dialogues in *Homer* and *Virgil*, that are between either a God or a Man, or between one God and another:

But

But because the Reader who sees the inequalities in it, will easily see that it derives its greatness and its sublimity, from the becoming Thoughts which it has of the Deity. That the Reader may thoroughly understand it, without turning to the Book, the occasion of it is this. *Adam*, relating the History of the Creation to the Angel *Raphael*, tells him, how after he had given Names to the Birds and the Beasts, which God had brought before him for that purpose; he who understood their Natures, and saw none of them was fit for his Conversation, desir'd of God in the following Words, a Partner fit for Humane Society.

O by what Name, for Thou above all these,
 Above Mankind, or ought than Mankind higher
 Surpassest far my Naming, how may I
 Adore Thee? Author of this Universe,
 And all this good to Man, for whose well being
 So amply, and with Hands so liberal

Thou

Thou hast provided all things. But with me
 I see not who partakes; In Solitude
 What Happiness? Who can Enjoy alone?
 Or all Injoying what Contentment find?
 Thus I presumptuous; And the Vision bright
 As with a Smile more brightned, thus reply'd.

Here by the way, I desire the
 Reader to observe, how the Spirit
 of the Poem sinks, when *Adam*
 comes from God, to himself; and
 how it rises again, when he returns
 to his Creator. But let us proceed
 to God's reply.

What call'st thou Solitude? Is not the Earth
 With various living Creatures, and the Air
 Replenisht; and all these at thy Command
 To come and Play before thee? Know'st thou not
 Their Language and their Ways? They also know
 And reason not contemptibly; with these
 Find Pastime, and bear Rule, thy Realm is large.
 So spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd

So

So Ordering : I with leave of Speech implor'd,
And humble deprecation, thus reply'd.

Let not my Words offend Thee, Heavenly Powers
My Maker be propitious while I speak :
Hast not thou made me here thy Substitute,
And these inferiour far, beneath me set ?
Among Unequals what Society
Can fort ? What Harmony or true Delight,
Which must be mutual in proportion due,
Given and receiv'd ; but in disparity
The one intense, the other still remiss,
Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
Tedious alike ; of fellowship I speak,
Such as I seek fit to participate
All rational Delight ; wherein the Brute
Cannot be humane Consort : They rejoice
Each with their Kind, Lion with Lions ;
So fitly them in Pairs thou hast combin'd :
Much less can Bird with Beast, or Fish with Fowl

So well converse ; nor with the Ox the Ape ;
 Worse then can Man with Beast and least of All.
 Whereto the Almighty answer'd not displeas'd,
 A nice and subtle Happiness, I see
 Thou to thy self propos'st, in the choice
 Of thy Associates, *Adam*, and wilt taste
 No Pleasure, though in pleasure Solitary :
 What think'st thou then of Me, and this my State,
 Seem I to thee sufficiently possess
 Of Happiness or not, who am alone
 From all Eternity ? For none I know
 Second to Me, or like, Equal much less :
 How have I then, with whom to hold converse
 Save with the Creatures which I made, and those
 To Me Inferior infinite descents
 Beneath what other Creatures are to thee.

The Reader may easily see, that
 here is all that is great and su-
 blime in Reason, exprest with the
 Spirit of that just Admiration, with
 which such worthy Thoughts of the

D

Deity

Deity must naturally fill the Soul.
But now let us see *Adam's* Answer.

He ceas'd. I lowly answer'd, To attain
The height and depth of thy Eternal Ways,
All Humane Thoughts come short, Supream of
(Things)

Thou in thy Self art perfect ; and in Thee
Is no deficiency found ; not so is Man
But in degree, the Cause of his desire
By Conversation with his Like to help
Or solace his defects : No need that Thou
Shouldst propagate already Infinite,
And through all Numbers absolute tho' One :
But Man by Number is to manifest
His single Imperfection, and beget
Like of his Like, his Image multiplied,
In Unity defective, which requires
Collateral Love and dearest Amity :
Thou in thy Secresy altho' alone,
Best with thy Self accompanied, seekst not

Social Communication ; yet so pleas'd,
 Canst raise thy Creature to what height thou wilt,
 Of Union, or Communion Deifi'd :
 I by Conversing cannot these Erect
 From Prone, nor in their ways complaisance find.

What *Milton* faith of the Son of
 God Hymn'd by the Angels, in the
 Third Book of that Poem, is very
 Lofty and Elevated.

Thee next they sang, of All Creation First
 Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
 In whose conspicuous Countenance, without Cloud
 Made visible, the Almighty Father shines :
 Whom else no Creature can Behold, on Thee
 Imprest th' Effulgence of his Glory abides :
 Transus'd in Thee his ample Spirit rests,
 He Heaven of Heavens, and all the Powers therein,
 By Thee created, and by Thee threw down
 Th' aspiring Dominations, Thou that Day
 Thy Father's dreadful Thunder didst not spare,

Nor stop thy flaming Chariot Wheels that shook
 Heaven's everlasting Frame, while o'er the Necks
 Thou drov'st of Warring Angels dis-array'd.

I have the rather mention'd these
 Verses, to show that *Milton* was
 a little tainted with Socinianism, for
 by the first Verse 'tis evident, that
 he look't upon the Son of God as
 a Created Being. The last Thing
 that I shall mention is, what God
 says of Himself, in the Seventh
 Book, for speaking of Chaos, he
 says, that is boundless because He
 is infinite.

Boundless the deep, because I Am who fill
 Infinitude, nor vacuous the space,
 Tho' I uncircumscrib'd my self retire,
 And put not forth My Goodness, which is free
 To Act or not ; Necessity and Chance
 Approach not Me, and what I Will is Fate.

I could add an infinite number
 of Examples, if it were not alto-
 gether

gether needless, for what has been said, may suffice to show that a Poet who intends : to give that Elevation, and that Gravity to his Poem; which Compose Majesty can fetch his Ideas from no Object so proper as from God. For as great Elevation must be produced by a great Admiration, as every Passion which the Poet excites, ought to be just and Reasonable, and Adapted to its Object, it is impossible that any one, who is not stupid, can seriously contemplate his Maker, but that his Soul must be exalted and lifted up towards its Primitive Objects, and be fill'd and inspired with the highest Admiration. For 'tis then that the Enthusiasm in Poetry is Wonderful and Divine, when it shows the Excellence of the Authors discernment, and the largeness of his Soul; now all the Ideas of God are such, that the more large and comprehensive the Soul of a Poet is; and the more it is capable of Receiving those Idea's the more is it sure to be raised and fill'd and lifted to the Skies with wonder; The Spirit or the Passion in

Poetry ought to be proportioned to the Ideas, and the Ideas to the Object, and when it is not so it is utterly false. And therefore when ever in Poetry there is a great Spirit which is derived from Ideas, whose Objects are unworthy to move the Soul of a great and a wise Man, there that Spirit is either false or at least has nothing sublimely, admirable in it. But nothing but God, and what relates to God, is worthy to move the Soul of a great and a wise Man. But let us proceed to consider the glorious works of the Creator, which next to Himself are worthy to move with Admiration, all who are worthy to be called wise, because these when they are reflected upon, by the Great and the Wise, never fail to declare his Eternal Power and Godhead. Our Religion tells us that the first, the Greatest and most Glorious of His works are the Angels, who whether we consider their Power, their Swiftnes, their Science, or their Sanctity, are fit Objects of our Admiration and Consequently of Lofty and
and

and Elevated Poetry. Let us see
then how *Tasso* describes the Angel
Gabriel and his descent, in the first
Canto of the *Hyerusalemme*.

Stan. XIII.

Così parlogli, & Gabriel s' accinse
Veloce ad essequir l'imposte cose.
La sua forma inuissibil d' Aria cinse,
Et al senso mortal la sottopose.
Humane membra, aspetto human si finse ;
Ma di celeste maestà il compose,
Tra Giouane, e fanciullo età confine
Prese, & ornò di raggi il biondo crine.

Stan. XIV.

Ali bianche uesti, c'han d'or le cime
Infaticabilmente agili, e preste
Fende i uenti, e le nubi, e ua sublime
Soura la Terra, e soura il Mar con queste.
Così uestito indirizzossi a l' ime
Parti del mondo il Messaggier Celeste,

*Pria sul Libano monte ei si ritenne,
E si libro su l'adeguate penne.*

And thus it is translated by
Fairfax, who tho' he by no means
sheweth all the Spirit and Beauty
of the Original, yet even in his
Antiquated Version, he discovers
something of them.

Stan. XIII.

This said, the Angel swift himself prepar'd,
To execute the Charge impos'd aright,
In form of Aiery Members fair Embar'd,
His Spirits pure were subject to our sight,
Like to a Man in shew and Shape he far'd,
But full of Heavenly Majesty and Might,
A Stripling seem'd he thrice five Winters old,
And radiant Beams adorn'd his Locks of Gold.

Stan. XIV.

Of Silver Wings he took a shining Pair,
Fringed with Gold, unwearied, nimble, swift

With

With these he parts the Winds, the Clouds, the Air,
 And over Seas, and Earth himself doth lift :
 Thus Clad he cut the Spheres and Circles fair,
 And the pure Skies with sacred Feathers cleft,
 On *Libanon* at first his Foot he set,
 And shook his Wings with Roary *May-dews* wet.

But let us now consider, *Michael's*
 Descent in the Night, in the Ninth
 Canto of the *Hierusalemme*.

Stan. LXII.

Venia scotendo con l'eterne piume
La Caligine densa, e i cupi horrori ;
S'indoraua la notte al diuin lume,
Che spargea scintillando il uolto fuori ;
Tale il Sol ne le nubi ha per costume,
Spiegar dopo la pioggia i bei colori ;
Tal suol fendendo il liquido sereno
Stella cader de la gran madre in seno.

Which

Which in English is as follows,

And as He flew, the darkness of his way,
 And the Black Horrors of the Dreary Sky ;
 He shaking his Eternal Wings dispers'd
 Old Night, illustrated her dusky Face,
 With Rays, which his Celestial Eyes diffus'd.
 Thus breaking through a storm, the Lord of Day,
 The Clouds with Purple and with Gold Adorns,
 And thus a Star from the Nocturnal Heav'n,
 Into the Lap of our Great Mother falls.

Where the Reader may take notice, that the Comparison of the Sun, to *Michael* the Prince of the Arch-Angels, is extreamly Just and Noble, because the top of the Visible, is admirably liken'd to the top of the invisible Creation : But in the two last Verses, *Tasso* has injudiciously been guilty of an Anticlimax. But now let us see how *Milton* describes the Descent of *Raphael* to Paradise, in the fifth Book of Paradise lost,

Down

Down thither prone in flight
 He speeds, and thro' the vast Ætherial Sky
 sails between Worlds and Worlds, with stedd
 (Wing,
 Now on the Polar Winds, then with quick Fann,
 Winnows the Buxom Air, till within Soar
 of Towering Eagles, to all the Fowls he seems
 A Phœnix, gazed by all, as that sole Bird
 When to enshrine his Reliques in the Suns
 bright Temple, to *Ægyptian Thebes* he flies.
 At once on th' Eastern Cliff of Paradise :
 He lights, and to his proper shape returns
 A Seraph wing'd, six Wings he wore to shade
 His lineaments Divine, the Pair that clad
 Each shoulder broad came Mantling o'er his Breast
 With regal Ornament, the Middle Pair
 Girt like a Starry Zone his waist, and round
 skirted his Loins and Thighs with downy Gold,
 And Colours dipt in Heaven : The third his Feet
 shadowed from either heel with feathered mail

Sky

Sky tintured Grain, like *Maia's* Son he stood,
And shoke his Plumes that Heavenly Fragrance

(fill'd

The circuit wide.

Thus the Reader may see by what has been said, that the Idea's of Angels are exceeding proper to raise Enthusiastick Admiration, as being the most glorious and Admirable Beings of the Creation, and which lead the Soul immediately to its Creator. Next to these come the other Creatures of the Immaterial World as Dæmons, Apparitions of all sorts, and more particularly the Spirits of Men departed, then follow Prophecies, Visions, Miracles, Enchantments, Prodigies, and all things which have an Immediate Relation to the wonders of *another* World, of most of which we shall give examples, when we come to Speak of Terror, because they are rather wonderful, than they are Admirable. We Name those things wonderful which we Admire with fear,

The

The next Ideas that are most proper to produce the Enthusiasm of Admiration, are the great Phænomena of the Material World; because they too lead the Soul to its Maker, and shew, as the Apostle says, his Eternal Power and Godhead: As the Heavens and Heavenly Bodies, the Sun, the Moon, the Stars, and the immensity of the Universe, and the Motions of the Heaven and Earth. Witness what *Milton* says, of the Sun when he describes the descent of Satan from Heaven Gates to Paradise Lib. 3.

above them all

The golden Sun in Splendor likest Heaven
 Allur'd his Eye, thither his course he bends
 Thro' the calm Firmament, but up or down
 By center or eccentric, hard to tell
 Or longitude, where the great Luminary
 Aloof the vulgar Constellations thick
 That from his Lordly Eye keep distance due
 Dispences Light from far, they as they move
 Their

Their Starry Dance in numbers, that compute
Day's Months, and Years, towards his all chearing

(Lamp

Turn swift their Various Motions or are turned
By his magnetick Beam that gently warms
The Universe.

But to show how very much
these fall short of the Immaterial
Creation, a Poet that he may make
them more Admirable contrives to
give Spirit and Soul to them.

Where the great Luminarie
Aloof, the Vulgar Constellations thick,
That from his Lordly eye keep distance due
Dispenes light from far.

And in that Noble Apostrophe to
the Sun, the Devil makes in the be-
ginning of the Third Book.

O thou that with surpassing glory Crown'd
Look'ft from thy sole Dominion like the God

Of this new World, at whose sight all the Stars
Hide their diminisht Heads, &c.

And in that Admirable Passage
in the Seventh Book, where *Adam* de-
sires the Angel to give him an account
of the Creation.

If unforbid thou mayst unfold
What we, not to explore the Secrets, ask,
Of his Eternal Empire, but the more
To magnifie His works, the more we know,
And the great light of Day yet wants to run
Much of his Race tho' steep, suspense in Heaven,
Held by thy Voice, thy Potent Voice he hears
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His Generation and the Rising Birth
Of Nature, from the unapparent deep.

And in the Apostrophe to the
Sun in the Fourth *Aeneid*.

Sol qui terrarum Flammis opera omnia lustras.

Which

Which is in English.

Great God of Day, that with thy flaming Beams
View'st and illuminat'st at once a World.

And in what *Milton* says of the
Moon, in the Fourth of *Paradise*
Lost.

Hesperus, that led
The Starry Host, rode brightest, till the Moon
Rising in clouded Majesty, at length,
Apparent Queen unvail'd her peerless Light,
And o'er the Dark her Silver Mantle threw.

For the Stars and the immensity
of the Universe, I desire the Reader
would give me leave to bring
an Example, from the Paraphrase
upon the *Te Deum*, where thus the
Angel speaks to God.

Where e'er at utmost stretch we cast our Eyes,
Thro' the vast frightful Spaces of the Skies,
Ev'n there we find Thy Glory, there we gaze
On Thy bright Majesty's unbounded Blaze,

Ten

On Thy bright Majesty's unbounded Blaze,
 Ten Thousand Suns prodigious Globes of Light;
 At once in broad dimensions strike our Sight;
 Millions behind in the remoter Skies,
 Appear but Spangles to our wearied Eyes:
 And when our wearied Eyes want farther strength,
 To pierce the Void's immeasurable Length,
 Our vigorous towering Thoughts still farther fly,
 And still remoter Flaming Worlds descry:
 But even an Angel's comprehensive Thought,
 Cannot extend so far as thou hast wrought:
 Our vast Conceptions are by swelling, brought,
 Swallow'd and lost in Infinite, to naught.

The Idea of the World's immensity is very proper to produce Admiration, as leading us to the Glory of the Creator, the use that *Milton* makes of it, in the Eighth Book of *Paradise lost*.

And for the Heavens wide Circuit, let it speak
 The Maker's high Magnificence, who Built
 E So

So spacious, and his Line stretch't out so far,
 That Man may know he dwells not in his own;
 An Edifice too large for him to fill,
 Lodg'd in a small Partition, and the rest
 Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.

And *Tasso* finely makes use of that
 Noble Idea, to repress the Pride
 and Ambition of Man. 'Tis in
 the 14th *Canto* of the *Gierusalemme*,
 where *Hugo* bids *Godfrey*, who had
 been rapt up to Heaven in a
 Vision, look down from the Fir-
 mament to the Earth.

Stan. IX.

*China, poi disse, e gli additò la Terra,
 Gli occhi a ciò, che quel globo ultimo ferra.*

X.

*Quanto e uil la cagion, ch'a la uirtude
 Humana e cola giù premio, e contrasto:*

In che picciolo cerchio, e fra che nude

Solitudini e stretto il uostro fasto.

Lei come Isola, il mare intorno chiude,

E lui, c'hor Ocean chiamat'e, hor uasto

Nulla eguale a tai nomi ha in se di magno,

Ma e bassa palude, e breue stagno.

Stan. XI.

Così l' un disse e l' altro in giuso i lumi

Volse, quasi sdegnoso, e ne sorrise ;

Che uide un punto sol, mar, terre, e fiumi,

Che qui paion distinti in tante guise,

Et ammiro, che pur a l' ombre, a i fiumi,

La nostra folle humanità s' affisse,

Seruo Imperio cercando, e muta fama,

Ne miri il ciel, ch' a se n' inuita, e chiama.

The following Verses of Milton,
in the Eighth of Paradise Lost,
concerning the Magnitude and the
Motions of the Heavens and Earth,

derive a Lofty Spirit from their
Subject for there says *Adam*.

When I behold this goodly Frame, this World,
Of Heaven and Earth consisting, and compute
Their magnitudes, this Earth a Spot, a Grain,
An Atom with the Firmament compar'd,
And all her numbred Stars, that seem to roll
Spaces incomprehensible (for such
Their distance argues, and their swift return
Diurnal)

I could here bring Examples of
the same kind of Spirit, derived in
due Proportion from Ideas of Sub-
lunary Things, as of the Four Ele-
ments Water, Earth, Air, Fire,
Winds and Meteors of all sorts,
Seas, Rivers, Mountains, but I am
afraid of running into Length, and
heaping too many Citations one
upon another. Besides it will be
very convenient to make two or
three Remarks here.

First,

E 3

that

that they may often very grossly fail, for want of a certain knowledge of the Objects from which they are to draw their Idea's, for 'tis for want of that knowledge that *Milton* has done the most unartful thing that perhaps ever was done, in the two or three last Books of the greatest Poem that ever was written by Man. For whereas in the First Eight Books, he had by the Mouth of God or Angels, or of Man the Companion of Angels, divinely entertain'd us with the wondrous Works of God, in the latter end of his Poem, and more particularly in the last Book, he makes an Angel entertain us with the Works of corrupted Man, from which it is very plain by what has been deliver'd above, concerning the Nature of Enthusiastick Passion; that that Angel could draw no sort of Enthusiasm, and least of all that of Admiration and Terror, which give the principal Greatness and Elevation to Poetry. For how flat, how low and unmusical is the Relation of the Actions of fall'n Man, in
the

the 10th. *Lib.* tho' deliver'd by the
voice of Divinity.

On *Adam*, Laſt thus judgment He pronounc'd,
Becauſe thou haſt hearkned to the Voice of thy
(Wife,

And eaten of the Tree, concerning which
I charg'd thee, ſaying, Thou ſhalt not eat thereof,
Curs'd is the Ground for thy ſake, thou in ſorrow
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy Life :

Thorns alſo, and Thistles it ſhall bring thee forth
Untill'd, and thou ſhalt eat the Herb of the Field :
In the ſweat of thy Face ſhalt thou eat Bread,
Till thou return unto the Ground, for thou
Out of the Ground waſt taken ; know thy Birth
For Duſt, thou art, and ſhalt to Duſt return.

The Late Mr. *Dryden*, with a
great deal of Injuſtice, us'd to at-
tribute the flatneſs of *Milton*, in this
and ſome other Paſſages, to his
getting into a tract of Scripture, as
he was pleas'd to expreſs himſelf :
Whereas the thing that made him

E 4 ſink,

sink, was plainly the poorness and
 lowness of the Ideas. For how
 could the Works of corrupted Man,
 afford any other to God or Angels?
 But what lofty what glorious Ideas
 does a religious mention of the
 Works of God, afford to Man in
 his primitive State in that in-
 comparable Hymn in the Fifth
 Book of the same Paradise Lost:
 A Hymn, which tho' it is intirely
 taken from Scripture, for it is ap-
 parently the 148 *Psalms*, yet will al-
 ways stand alone, the Phoenix of
 Lofty Hymns, and nothing equal to
 it, no nor Second to it can ever be
 produced from the Grecian Writers
 of Hymns. It is impossible I can
 do a greater Pleasure to the Rea-
 der, who either has not read or
 do's not remember *Milton*, than to
 insert it here.

These are thy glorious Works, Parent of good
 Almighty, Thine this Universal Frame,
 Thus wondrous fair, Thy Self how wondrous then,
 Unspeakable, who sitst above these Heavens,

To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest Works ; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond Thought, and power Divine :
 Speak ye who best can tell, ye Sons of Light ,
 Angels, for ye behold Him, and with Songs
 And Chorall Symphonies, Day without Night
 Circle His Throne rejoicing, ye in Heaven
 On Earth join all the Creatures, to extol
 Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end :
 Fairest of Stars, last in the Train of Night,
 If better thou belong not to the Dawn,
 Sure Pledge of Day, that Crown'st the smiling Morn
 With thy bright Circlet, praise Him in thy Sphere,
 While Day arises that Sweet Hour of Prime :
 Thou Sun of this great World, both Eye and Sou
 Acknowledge Him thy Greater, sound His Praise
 In thy eternal Course, both when thou climb'st
 And when high-Noon hast gained, and when thou
 (fall'st :
 Moon, that now meets the Orient Sun, now fliest
 With

With the fixt Stars, fixt in their Orb that flies :
 And ye Five other wand'ring Fires, that move
 In mistick Dance not without Song, resound
 His Praise who out of Darknes call'd up Light :
 Air and ye Elements, the eldest Birth
 Of Natures Womb, that in Quaternion run
 Perpetual Circle multiform, and mix
 And nourish all things, let your ceaseless Change
 Vary to our great Maker still new Praise :
 Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
 From Hill or Steaming Lake, dusky or gray,
 Till the Sun paint your Fleecy Skirts with Gold,
 In honour to the World's great Author rise,
 Whether to deck with Clouds th' uncolour'd Skie,
 Or wet the thirsty Earth with falling Showers ;
 Rising or falling still advance his Praise :
 His Praise ye Winds that from Four Quarters blow,
 Breath soft or loud, and wave your tops ye Pines
 With every Plant, in sign of Worship wave :
 Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow

Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His Praise :
 Join Voices all ye living Souls, ye Birds
 That Singing up to Heaven Gates ascend ;
 Bear on your Wings, and in your Notes His Praise :
 Ye that in Waters glide, and ye that walk
 The Earth and stately tread, or lowly creep,
 Witness if I be silent Morn or Even,
 To Hill or Valley, Fountain or fresh Shades ;
 Made Vocal by my Song, and taught His Praise :
 Hail Universal Lord, be bounteous still,
 To give us only Good, and if the Night
 Have gather'd ought of Evil or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now Light dispels the Dark.

'Tis easie to discern here, with
 how much more Divinity *Milton*
 makes a Man speak concerning the
 Works of God, than he makes even
 the Creator Himself speak concern-
 ing the Works of Man. But here
 if the Reader will pardon a Digres-
 sion, I shall make an Observation
 which may not be disagreeable to
 him,

him. The Observation is this, That all the Passages in Paradise Lost, where God is introduc'd Speaking, are flat to the reserve of those in which he speaks of himself. Upon enquiring into the Reason of it, I found, That according to the Account which I have given of Poetical Enthusiasm, or of the Spirit of Poetry, it is nothing but that Admiration and Terrour, and the rest of those Enthusiastical Passions which are produced by their proper Ideas, and which are to hold Proportion with their Ideas, as their Ideas must with their Objects. Now nothing is more impossible than that God should either Fear or Admire His own Creatures. But where *Milton* makes him speak concerning Himself, or His Infinite Power, there he makes him speak with a great Spirit, as in that Passage of the Sixth Book where He speaks to His Son.

Go then thou mightiest in thy Father's Might,
Ascend My Chariot, guide the rapid Wheels,

Tha

That Shake Heaven's Basis, bring forth all my War,
My Bow and Thunder, My Almighty Arms.

'Tis plain that here the Poet is guilty of a Mistake, but indeed a Mistake that is almost unavoidable, for 'tis the Admiration and Terrour that make the Spirit in the preceding Verses; and it is impossible to conceive the Ideas without feeling the Passions; so that *Milton* while he was rapt with Admiration and moved with Terrour by the Ideas which he had conceiv'd, shifts Persons insensibly, and forgetting who speaks, expresses himself with those Passions which indeed are proper enough in the Poet, but never can be so in the Deity. For neither His Bow, nor His Almighty Arms, His Thunder, nor the rapid Wheels that Shake Heavens basis, can be in the least Admirable or Terrible to the Divinity, so that Mr. *Cowley* is certainly in the right in his Notes upon his *Davidicis*, where he tells us, that
God

God is to be introduc'd speaking simply. And this puts me in mind of an extraordinary Argument of Monsieur *Paschal*, proving the Divinity of our Saviour by the simplicity of his Stile ; for says he, our Saviour speaks of the sublimest Subjects, even the glories of the Kingdom of Heaven without being moved at all, which shews that he was really God ; for suppose a Peasant, says he, or an ordinary Man shou'd be carried to the Court of some Prince, as for Example the great Mogul, and there be shewn all his Riches, his Pomp and his Power ; this Peasant at his return would certainly speak of these Things in extravagant terms, in terms that would sufficiently declare his transport. But if the Mogul himself was to speak of them, he who had been always us'd to them, would speak without any emotion. So says Monsieur *Paschal*, if any one else had deliver'd any Thing concerning the glories of the Kingdom of Heaven, he would certainly have done it with transport,
 nay

may tho' he had been a Fanatick or an Impostor ; For let those Divine Ideas come how they will, 'tis Impossible for Man to think of them without being Ravish'd by them. But our Saviour who was God, and who consequently had been us'd to them from all Eternity, spoke of them unconcern'd.

But let us come to the *Third* sort of Thoughts, which *Hermogenes* says, are proper to give Elevation and Gravity to a Discourse, and those are Things which indeed are Divine, says, but are often beheld in Men. These Emanations of Divinity are the Virtues such as Temperance, Justice, Fortitude, Magnanimity ; or Nature, Law, Power and the like. And we shou'd never make an end, if we shou'd give Examples of all the Passages, whose greatness of Spirit, is deriv'd from these Ideas. But for the Readers Entertainment we shall mention a few.

The

The Power of Ruling our own
Minds, which may be referr'd to
Temperance, gives noble Ideas and
consequently a noble Spirit, as we
may see by the Second Ode, of the
Second Book of *Horace*.

*Latius regnes avidum Domando
Spiritus, quam si Lybiam Remotis
Gadibus Jungas, & uterq; Penus
serviat uni.*

Which in English is thus.

Thou a more absolute Command shalt gain,
A larger nobler Empire shalt obtain,
If thy wild Lust of Pow'r thou canst restrain:
Than if to *Spain* thy Conquernig Troops shou'd
(joyn)
The Moors that fry beneath the parching Line,
And both the *Carthaginians* should be thine.

And the Idea of Fortitude affords
too a noble Spirit, as we may see in
the Twelfth of the *Aeneis*, where
Turnus

Turnus replies to *Aeneas* who upbraids him with Fear.

Non me tua feruida Terrent

Dicta ferox. Dij me terrent, & Jupiter Hostis.

'Tis true I am afraid, but not of thee
Nor thy vain threatning Words, Insulting Man:
The Gods alone can frighten me, and *Jove*
Who now declares against me.

And that is a very remarkable
Passage in the Fifteenth Stanza of
the Fourth *Canto* of the *Gierusalemme*,
for after *Pluto* had demanded of the
assembled Fiends, if they will stand
idle and suffer the Christian Armies
to throw down their Altars and
destroy their Worship. He adds,

*Ah non fia uer, che non sono anco estinti
li spirti in uoi di quel ualor primiero,
quando di ferro, e d' alte fiamme cinti
ognammo gia contra il celeste Impero;*

F

Fummo

*Fummo (io no'l nego) in questo conflitto vinti,
 Pur non mancò uirtute al gran pensiero,
 Hebbero i piu felici al hor uittoria
 Rimase a noi d' inuitto ardir la gloria.*

Which in English is thus.

Ah never let it be ye assembled Gods!
 For still, we still th' unconquer'd Spirit feel
 Of that eternal Valour, when of old
 Begirt with shining Arms and brighter Flames,
 Against th' Omnipotent we daring Fought.
 'Tis true we lost the Day, but not for want
 Of Valour equal to the vast Design,
 Fortune gave him the Field, th' Immortal Fame
 Was ours of having made the brave Attempt.
 Th' Immortal Fame was ours, who still retain
 That Fire invincible with which we Fought,
 And dar'd what never Angels durst before.

From which *Milton* has apparently
 borrow'd Part of *Lucifer's* Speech,
 in

in the First Book of Paradise
Lost.

What tho' the Field be Lost ?

All is not Lost ; th' unconquerable will,
And study of Revenge, Immortal hate,
And Courage never to submit or yield.

And in *Armida's* Speech to *Godfrey*, *Canto* 4th. Stanza 63. *Tasso* Derives a noble Spirit from *Godfrey's* Power and Justice.

*Tu, cui cecesse il Cielo, e dielti in fato
Voler' il giusto, e poter cio, che uuoi.*

Which is in English.

Then for whom Dooming Heav'n has made it
(Fate,
That thy Designs should still be Just, and Thou
Shouldst ne'er want Pow'r to act those vast Designs.

And from the Magnanimity of
Rinaldo, in the Fourteenth Stanza of
the Fifth *Canto*. F 2 Onde

*Onde così rispose, i primi gradi
 Più meritar, che conseguir desio,
 Ne pur, che me la mia uirtu sublimi
 Di scettri altezza inuidiar degg'io.*

In English.

Rinaldo answer'd thus, the foremost Rank
 I rather would deserve than would obtain :
 And can condemn the Scepters held by all
 Whose Fame to my Superiour Virtue yields,

The *Fourth* sort of Thoughts which *Hermogenes* mentions, as Riches, Nobility, Place, Office, Rank, and the like, we shall purposely pass by, without giving Examples of them, because we shall have a particular occasion to do it hereafter. Let us now pass to the next Enthusiastick Passion which is Terror ; than which if it is rightly manag'd, none is more capable of giving a great Spirit to Poetry. This Passion scarce ever goes by it self,

self, but is always more or less complicated with Admiration. For every thing that is Terrible is great at least to him to whom it is Terrible. 'Tis now our business to shew two Things. First, what this Enthusiastick Terrour is? and Secondly, from what Ideas it is chiefly to be deriv'd.

First let us show what this sort of Enthusiasm is, and in order to that, let us shew as briefly as we can, what the Common Passion is which we call Terror. Fear then or Terror is, a Disturbance of Mind proceeding from the apprehension of an approaching evil; Threatning Destruction or very great trouble either to us or ours. And when the disturbance comes suddenly with surprise, let us call it Terror, when gradually Fear. Things then that are powerful, and likely to hurt, are the causes of Common Terror, and the more they are powerful and likely to hurt, the more they become the causes of Terror, which Terror, the greater it is, the more it is join'd with

wonder, and the nearer it comes to astonishment. Thus we have shewn what Objects of the Mind are the causes of Common Terror, and the Ideas of those Objects are the causes of Enthusiastick Terror.

Let us now shew from what Ideas this Enthusiastick Terror is chiefly to be deriv'd. The greatest Enthusiastick Terrour then must needs be deriv'd from Religious Idea's, for since the more their Objects are Powerful, and likely to hurt, the greater Terrour their Idea's produce : What can produce a greater Terrour than the Idea of an Angry God ? Which puts me in mind of that admirable Passage of *Homer*, about the Fight of the Gods, in the Twentieth of the *Iliads*, cited by *Longinus* in his Chapter of the Loftiness of the Conceptions.

Διὸν δ' ἐξέβησε πῆλ' ἀνδρῶν τε, θεῶν τε
 ἤϊόθεν· αὐτὰρ ἔνερθε Ποσειδάων ἐπὶ νῆαζε
 Γαῖαν ἀπηρετῶλυ, ὀρέων τ' αἰπενὰ χάρμῳ
 Πάλλης δ' ἐΐσιόηο πόδες πολυπύδαυς ἰδὼς,

Καὶ κορυφαί. Τρώων τε πόλιν, καὶ νῆες Ἀχαιῶν
 ἔδδουσιν δ' ὑπὲρθεν ἀναξ ἐνέρον Αἰδωνίδης,
 Δαίτας δ' ἐκ θρόνου ἄλλο, καὶ ἴαχε μὴ οἱ ὕπερθε
 Ἰαίαν ἀναρρήξει Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων,
 Οἰκία δὲ θνητοῖσι, καὶ ἀθανάτοισι φανείη,
 Σμυρδαλί', ἐρῶντα τὰ τε στέγας τοιοῖ περ

Which in English is thus.

Jove flung his dreadful Thunder from on high,
 Mean while Majestick *Neptune* from below,
 The Reeling Globe with his huge Trident strook,
 Shook its vast Plains, and made its Mountains
 (smoak,
 Mount *Ida* trembled from his hoary Top,
 And from his nethermost Foundations shook,
 Troubling a Thousand Springs that from him flow,
Pluto, from lowest Hell both heard and felt,
 And shivering started from his burning Throne,
 Then striking his Infernal Breast cried out,
 Least wrathful *Neptune* with another stroke,

Of his dread Trident should the Globe divide,
 Should too, to the gaping Center let in Light,
 To Mortals and Immortals should display
 The dreadful Secrets of his dire Domain,
 At the bare thought of which ev'n Gods are wont
 (to shake

Behold here says *Longinus*, the
 Earth laid open to the very Center,
 and Hell about to be expos'd to
 view, and all the vast Machine of
 the World demolish'd and over-
 turn'd, to shew that in that im-
 portant Conflict both Heaven and
 Hell, both Mortal and Immortal
 Things, every thing in Nature en-
 gag'd with the Gods, and nothing
 was free from Danger.

And now I mention *Longinus*, this
 is the properest place, to shew by
 his Authority that Religious Ideas
 are the most proper to give greatness
 and sublimity to a Discourse. And
 this I shall shew First by his Ex-
 amples and Secondly by his Pre-
 cepts. First

First by his Examples : All the Examples which he gives of Sublimity in his Chapter of the Loftiness of the Conceptions ; of which th' above mention'd Passage is one, are taken from the Græcian Religion, as this.

Iliad V.

Οἶσιν δ' ἡερεσιδὲς ἀνὴρ ἴδεν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν
 ἡμενΘ ἐν σκοπῇ, λείψων δὲ οἶνοπα πόλιν·
 τόσσον ἐπιθρόσκουσι θεῶν ὑψηλές ἱπποι.

Which in English is thus.

As far as one who toward the Ocean looks,
 Can from some lofty Promontory spy
 Thro' the vast Desarts of a Cloudless Sky ;
 So far th' Immortal Gods sonorous Steeds
 Can at one Leap advance.

Where says *Longinus*, he measures the Length of their Leap by the extent of the World. Who is
 it

it than says he, that might not with Reason cry out, that if the Horses of the Gods would take a Second Leap, they would not find Space enough in the Universe.

And what follows concerning *Nep-
tune*, Descending from a Mountain
in *Thrace*,

Iliad. XIII.

Τρέμει δ' ἔρτα μακρὰ καὶ ὄλη.

Ποσσὴν ὕψ' ἀθανάτοισιν Ποσειδάωνος ἰόντο.

As from the shaggy Mountain he Descends,
The Mountain trembles, and the Forest bends.

And a little beyond.

Ἐὖ δ' ἐπεβήσαστο δίφρων

Βῆ δ' ἐλάαν ὅπῃ κύματ'· ἀπαλλε δὲ κήτε ὕψ' αὐτῶ

Πάντοθεν ἐκ κλθμῶν, ἔδ' ἠγνοίησαν ἀνακτα·

Γηθοπύνη δὲ θάλασσα δίεσατο.

In English thus.

His golden Chariot *Neptune* now ascends
 And as he drives along the watry Plain,
 Huge Whales and all the Monsters of the Main,
 Wallowing around him with unweildy gate,
 Tempest the Ocean to salute their King;
 Ocean rejoycing yawns before his March
 And lets him thro' a dreadful Chasm.

And it was from this Passage,
 I make no doubt, that *Spencer* drew
 his Admirable Picture of *Neptune*,
 in the Eleventh *Canto* of the Third
 Book of his Faery Queen.

Stan. XL.

Next unto him was *Neptune* pictured,
 In his Divine resemblance wondrous like ;
 His Face was rugged and his hoary Head,
 Dropped with Brackish Dew ; his three fork't Pike
 He sternly shook, and therewith fierce did strike
 The

The Raging Billows that on ev'ry side,
 They trembling stood, and made a long broad Dyke,
 That his swift Chariot might have passage wide.
 Which Four great *Hippodames*, did draw in Teem
 (wise ty'd.

Stan. XLI.

His Sea Horses did seem to snort amain,
 And from their Nostrils, blow the briny stream,
 That made the Sparkling Waves to smook again,
 And flame with Gold ; but the white foamy Cream
 Did shine with Silver, and shoot forth her Beam.

I now come to the Precepts of
Longinus, and pretend to shew from
 them, that the greatest sublimity is
 to be deriv'd from Religious Ideas.
 But why then, says the Reader, has
 not *Longinus* plainly told us so ? He
 was not ignorant, that he ought to
 make his subject as plain as he
 could. For he has told us in the
 beginning of his Treatise, that every
 one who gives Instruction concer-
 ning

ning an Art, ought to endeavour two things. The first is to make his Reader clearly understand what that is which he pretends to teach. The second is to shew him how it may be attain'd. And he blames *Cecilius* very severely for neglecting the Last, how then says the Objector comes he himself to have taken no care of the First: Is it because *Cecilius* had done it before him? If so, it was a very great fault in *Longinus*, to publish a Book which cou'd not be understood but by another Man's Writings; especially when he saw that those Writings were so very defective that they would not probably last. But what, continues the Objector, if *Cecilius* had not done it before him? For *Longinus* tells us that *Cecilius* makes use of a multitude of Words to shew what it is; now he who knows any thing clearly may in a few Words explain it clearly to others; and he who does not will make it obscure by many.

To this I answer, that tho' *Longinus* did by long Study, and habitude

tude know the Sublime when he saw it, as well as any Man, yet he had not so clear a knowledge of the Nature of it as to explain it clearly to others. For if he had done that, as the Objector says, he would have defin'd it, but he has been so far from defining it, that in one place he has given an account of it that is contrary to the true nature of it. For he tells us in that Chapter which treats of the Fountains of Sublimity, that Loftiness is often without any Passion at all. Which is contrary to the true nature of it. The sublime is indeed often without Common Passion, as ordinary Passion is often without that. But then it is never without Enthusiastick Passion. For the Sublime is nothing else but a great Thought, or Great Thoughts moving the Soul from it's Ordinary Scituation by the Enthusiasm which naturally attends them. Now *Longinus* had a notion of Enthusiastick Passion; for he establishes it in that very Chapter for the second Source of Sublimity. Now *Longinus* by
affirm-

affirming that the Sublime may be without not only that, but ordinary Passion, says a thing that is not only contrary to the true Nature of it, but contradictory of Himself. For he tells us in the beginning of the Treatise that the Sublime does not so properly persuade us, as it Ravishes and Transports us, and produces in us a certain Admiration mingled with astonishment and with surprise, which is quite another thing than the barely Pleasing or the barely perswading; that it gives a noble Vigour to a Discourse, an invincible force which commits a pleasing Rape upon the very Soul of the Reader; that whenever it breaks out where it ought to do, like the Artillery of *Jove*, it Thunders blazes and strikes at once, and shews all the united force of a Writer. Now I leave the Reader to Judge, whether *Longinus* has not been saying here all along that Sublimity is never without Passion.

That the foremention'd Definition is just and good, I have reason to believe, because it takes in all
the

the sources of Sublimity which *Longinus* has establish'd. For first greatness of Thought supposes Elevation, they being Synonymous Terms: And secondly the Enthusiasm or the Pathetique, as *Longinus* calls it, follows of course; for if a Man is not strongly mov'd by great Thoughts, he does not sufficiently and effectually conceive them. And thirdly the Figurative Language is but a consequence of the Enthusiasm, that being the natural Language of the Passions. And so is fourthly the nobleness of the Expression, supposing a Man to be Master of the Language in which he Writes. For as the Thoughts produce the Spirit or the Passion, the Spirit produces and makes the Expression, which is known by experience to all who are Poets; for never any one, while he was rapt with Enthusiasm or Ordinary Passion, wanted either Words or Harmony, and is self evident to all who consider that the expression conveys and shows the Spirit, and consequently must be produc'd by it.

Thus

Thus the definition which we have laid down, being according to *Longinus* his own Doctrine, the true definition of the Sublime, and shewing clearly the thing which he has not done, nor given any definition at all of it, it seems plain to me, that he had no clear and distinct Idea of it; and consequently Religion might be the thing from which it is chiefly to be deriv'd and he but obscurely know it; but that Religion is that thing from which the Sublime is chiefly to be deriv'd, let us shew by the Marks which he has given of the latter; which will further strengthen our Definition. First, says he, that which is truly sublime has this peculiar to it, that it exalts the Soul and makes it conceive a greater Idea of it self; filling it with Joy, and with a certain noble Pride, as if it self had produc'd what it but barely Reads.

Now here it is plain, that the
 highest Ideas must most exalt the
 G Soul,

Soul, but Religious Ideas are the highest.

The more the Soul is mov'd by the greatest Ideas, the more it conceives them, but the more it conceives of the greatest Ideas, the greater Opinion it must have of its own Capacity. By consequence the more it is mov'd by the Wonders of Religion the more it values it self upon its own Excellences. Again, The more the Soul sees its Excellence the more it Rejoyces. Besides Religious Ideas are the most Admirable, and what is most Admirable according to the Doctrine of *Aristotle* is most delightful. Besides Religious Ideas create Passion in such a manner as to turn and incline the Soul to its primitive Object. So that Reason and Passion are of the same side, and this Peace between the Faculties causes the Soul to Rejoyce, of which we shall have occasion to say more anon.

2. The Second Mark that *Longinus* gives of the Sublime, is when a Discourse leaves a great deal for us to think. But now this is certain that the wonders of Religion are never to be exhausted, for they are always new, and the more you enter into them, the more they are sure to surprise.

3. The Third Mark is, when it leaves in the Reader an Idea above its Expression. Now no Expressions can come up to the Ideas which we draw from the Attributes of God, or from His wondrous Works, which only the Author of them can comprehend.

4. The Fourth Mark is, when it makes an impression upon us, which it is impossible to resist.

God who made Man for Himself, and for his own Glory, and who requires chiefly his Heart; must by consequence have form'd him of such a Nature as to be most

G 2

strongly

strongly mov'd with Religious Ideas if once he enters into them. So that the Impressions which they make are Impossible to be Resisted.

5. The Fifth Mark is when the Impression lasts and is difficult to be defac'd. Now that the Impressions which Religion makes upon us are difficult to be defac'd is plain from this, that they who think it their Interest to deface them can never bring it about.

6. The Sixth Mark is when it pleases universally, people of different Humours, Inclinations, Sexes, Ages, Times, Climates. Now there is nothing so agreeable to the Soul or that makes so universal an Impression as the wonders of Religion. Some Persons are mov'd by Love and are not touch'd by Ambition, others are animated by Ambition and only Laugh at Love. Some are pleas'd with a brave Revenge, others with a generous Contempt of Injuries, but the Eternal Power and
the

the Infinite knowledge of God, the Wonders of the Creation, and the beautiful brightness of Virtue make a powerful impression on all.

I must confess I have wonder'd very much upon Reflection, how it could happen that so great a Man as *Longinus*, who whenever he met a passage in any Discourse that was lofty enough to please him, had discernment enough to see that it had some of the preceeding Marks, should miss of finding so easie a thing as this, that never any passage had all these Marks or so much as the Majority of them, unless it were Religious.

But to return to Terrour, we may plainly see by the foregoing Precepts and Examples of *Longinus*, that this Enthusiastick Terror contributes extreamly to the Sublime, and Secondly that it is most produced by Religious Ideas.

First Ideas producing Terrour contribute extreamly to the Sublime. All the Examples that *Longinus* brings of the loftiness of the

Thought, consist of terrible Ideas. And they are Principally such Ideas that work the effects, which he takes notice of, in the beginning of his Treatise, *viz.* that Ravish and Transport the Reader, and produce a certain Admiration mingled with Astonishment and with Surprise. For the Ideas which produce Terrour are necessarily accompanied with Admiration, because ev'ry thing that is terrible is great to Him to whom it is Terrible; and with Surprise without which Terrour cannot subsist; and with Astonishment, because ev'ry thing which is very Terrible is Wonderful and Astonishing; and as Terrour is perhaps the violent'st of all the Passions, it consequently makes an impression which we cannot resist, and which is hardly to be defac'd, and no Passion is attended with greater Joy than Enthusiastick Terrour, which proceeds from our reflecting that we are out of Danger at the very time that we see it before us. And as Terrour is one of the violentest

lentest of all Passions if it is very great, and the hardest to be resisted, nothing gives more force, nor more vehemence to a Discourse. But Secondly, it is plain from the same *Longinus*, that this Enthusiastick Terrour is chiefly to be deriv'd from Religious Ideas. For all the Examples which he has brought of the Sublime, in his Chapter of the Sublimity of the Thoughts consists of most Terrible and most Religious Ideas, and at the same time ev'ry Man's Reason will inform him, that ev'ry thing that is Terrible in Religion is the most Terrible thing in the World.

But that we may set this in a clearer Light, let us lay before the Reader the several Ideas which are capable of producing this Enthusiastick Terrour, which seem to me to be those which follow, *viz.* Gods, Dæmons, Hell, Spirits and Souls of Men, Miracles, Prodigies, Enchantments, Witchcrafts, Thunder, Tempests, raging Seas, Inundations, Torrents, Earthquakes,

Volcanos, Monsters, Serpents, Lions, Tygres, Fire, War, Pestilence, Famine, &c.

Now of all these Ideas none are so terrible as those which shew the Wrath and Vengeance of an Angry God. For nothing is so wonderful in its effects, and consequently the Images or Ideas of those effects must carry a great deal of Terrour with them, which we may see was *Longinus* his Opinion by the Examples which he brings in his Chapter of the Sublimity of the Thoughts. Now of things which are terrible those are the most terrible which are the most wonderful, because that seeing them both threatening and powerful, and not being able to fathom the greatness and extent of their Power, we know not how far and how soon they may hurt us.

But further nothing is so terrible as the wrath of infinite Power, because nothing is so unavoidable as the Vengeance design'd by it. There is no flying nor lying hid
from

from the great universal Monarch. He may deliver us from all other Terrours, but nothing can save and defend us from him. And therefore Reason which serves to dissipate our Terrours in some other Dangers, serves but to augment them when we are threatned by Infinite Power ; and that Fortitude which may be Heroick at other times is down right madness then.

For the other Ideas which we mention'd above, they will be found to be more terrible as they have more of Religion in them. But we shall have so many necessary occasions of giving Examples of them, in the Sequel of this Treatise, that it will be altogether needless to do it now. But here it will be convenient to Answer an Objection. For how come some of the foremention'd Ideas which seem to have but little to do with Religion, to be Terrible to great and to wise Men, as it is plain that such when they read the Descriptions of them in *Homer* and *Virgil* are terrify'd.

To which we Answer, that the care which Nature has inrooted in all of their own Preservation, is the Cause that Men are unavoidably terrify'd, with any thing that threatens approaching evil. 'Tis now our business to shew how the Ideas of Serpents, Lions, Tygers, &c. were made by the art of those great Poets, to be terrible to their Readers at the same time that we are secure from their Objects.

'Tis very plain that it is the Apprehension of Danger which causes that emotion in us which we call Terrour, and it signifies nothing at all to the purpose whether the Danger is real or imaginary; and 'tis as plain too, that the Soul never takes the Alarm from any thing so soon as it does from the Senses, especially those two noble ones of the Eye and the Ear, by reason of the strict affinity which they have with the Imagination; and the Evil always seems
to

to be very near, when those two Senses give notice of it; and the nearer the Evil is the greater still is the Terror. But now let us see how those two Poets, did by Virtue of their Ideas, bring even absent, Terrible Objects, within the reach of those two noble Senses. First then to bring an absent Terrible Object before our Sight, they drew an Image or Picture of it; but to draw an Image or Picture of a Terrible Object, so as to surprise and astonish the Soul by the Eye, they never fail'd to draw it in violent Action or Motion; and in Order to that they made choice of Words and Numbers, which might best express the violence of that Action or Motion. For an absent Object can never be set before the Eye in a true Light, unless it is shewn in violent Action or Motion. Because unless it is shewn so, the Soul has leisure to reflect upon the Deceit. But violent Motion can never be conceived without a violent agitation of Spirit, and that sud-

sudden agitation surpriseth the Soul and gives it less time to Reflect; and at the same time causes the Impressions that the Objects make to be so Deep, and their traces to be so profound, that it makes them in a manner as present to us as if they were really before us. For the Spirits being set in a violent emotion, and the Imagination being fir'd by that agitation; and the Brain being deeply penetrated by those Impressions, the very Objects themselves are set as it were before us, and consequently we are sensible of the same Passion that we should feel from the things themselves. For the warmer the Imagination is, the less able we are to Reflect, and consequently the things are the more present to us of which we draw the Images; and therefore when the Imagination is so inflam'd as to render the Soul utterly incapable of reflecting there is no difference between the Images and the things themselves; as we may see for example

ample by Men in Raging Feavours. But those two great Poets were not satisfied with setting absent Objects before our Eyes, by shewing them in violent motion; but if their motion occasion'd any Extraordinary Sounds that were terrifying; they so contriv'd their Numbers and Expressions, as that they might be sure to ring those sounds in the very Ears of their Readers.

We ought now to treat of the other Enthusiastic Passions, as Horror, Grief, Joy and Desire. But to the End that we may Diversifie this Treatise as much as we can, and not tire out the Reader with too much Speculation at a time, we shall omit speaking of them till we come to the Epick Poets.

CHAP.

C H A P. V.

Recapitulation; and that Religion is the Basis and Foundation of the greater Poetry.

BUT now let us Recapitulate: We have shewn in the foregoing part of this Discourse, that Passion is the Characteristical Mark of Poetry, and that all Poetry is pathetick; and then we divided it into two Kinds, the greater and the less; and shew'd that the greater Poetry, comprehends Epick, Tragick and the greater Lyrick; and that our Design was in the first place to treat of that. Then we proceeded to shew, that as Passion is the Characteristical Mark of Poetry, great Passion must be the Cha-

Characteristical Mark of the greater Poetry, and consequently that this last must have every where great Passion; but that since what we commonly call Passion cannot be ev'ry where, there must be something distinct from ordinary Passion, and that must be Enthusiasm. Then we endeavour'd to discover what Enthusiasm is, and how many several sorts there are of it; and that Admiration and Terrour make the Principal greatness of Poetry, and are the chief of the Enthusiastick Passions; that those two Passions are to bear proportion with the Ideas from which they are deriv'd, and that consequently the greatest must flow from Religious Ideas. We shall shew too in the Sequel of this Discourse, that not only the remaining Enthusiastick Passions, Horror, Sadness, Joy and Desire; but that ev'n the Ordinary Passions which contribute most to the greatness of Poetry as Admiration, Terrour and Pitty are chiefly to be deriv'd
from

from Religion; but that the Passions of both sorts, must for the most part flow greater from Revelation than from Natural Religion, because all Reveal'd Religion whether true or pretended speaks to the Senses, brings the wonders of another World more Home to us, and so makes the Passions which it Raises the greater.

The Fundamental Rule then that we pretend to lay down, for the Succeeding, or Excelling in the greater Poetry, is that the Constitution of the Poem, be Religious that it may be throughout Pathetick.

And we pretend to prove undeniably that not only the Gentlemen, whose works we design to examine, have succeeded and excell'd no further than their Poems have been so constituted; but that never any Poets of any Nation or any Age, ever did or can excel without it. I have already prov'd in the Advancement of modern Poetry,
beyond

beyond all manner of doubt, to those who have Capacity enough to comprehend the Arguments, that the Ancient Poets excell'd the moderns in the greatness of Poetry, for no other reason, but because their Subjects were Religious in their constitution. And therefore all that I shall say of it here is, that Poetry is the Natural Language of Religion, and that Religion at first produc'd it, as a Cause produces its Effect. In the first Ages of writing among the Græcians, there was nothing writ but Verse, because they wrote of nothing but Religion which was necessary for the Cementing the Societies which in those times were but just united, and Nature had taught them, that Poetry was the only Language in which they could worthily treat of the most Important parts of Religion, or worthily perform its most Important Duties: But as soon as Religion was sufficiently imprinted in the Minds of Men, and they had leisure to Treat of Human things
in

in their writings they invented Prose, and invented it in Imitation of Verse, as *Strabo* tells us in the first Book of his Geography; but after that Prose was invented by them; never any of them treated of their Gods or their Religious matters in Prose, before the Age of *Socrates*, because they found that that way of writing, was by no means proper for it. For the wonders of Religion naturally threw them upon great Passions, and great passions naturally threw them upon Harmony, and Figurative Language, as they most of Necessity do, any Poet as long as he continues Master of them. Which is known by Experience to all who are Poets, for never any one while he was rapt with Enthusiasm or with Ordinary Passion, wanted either Words or Harmony, and therefore Poetry is more Harmonious than Prose because it is more Pathetick. Even in Prose your Orators and all who pretend to move the Passions, have more Harmonious

Periods

Periods than they who barely speak to the Reason. And in Poetry they who write with a great deal of Passion are Generally very Harmonious, whereas those who write with but little are not so Musical. *Horace* is an Illustrious Example of this. No Man who has read his Odes can doubt of the fineness and the Delicacy of his Ear; and therefore his Satyrs are often Harsh and Rugged because the Spirit in them is mean and little. No Man can believe that *Juvenal* had a finer Ear, than *Horace*, but yet his Satyrs are more Musical because they have a greater Spirit in them. At the same time tis a little odd to consider, that Passion which disturbs the Soul, should occasion it to produce Harmony, which seems to empy the Order and Composure of it. Whether this proceeds from the Secret Effort that the Soul makes, to Compose it self or whatever the cause is, the Effect is certain. But as Passion, which is the Disorder of the Soul; produces Harmony which

is Agreement ; so Harmony which is Concord Augments and propagates Passion which is Discord. All who are acquainted with Poetry or Musick must be as sensible of this, as Mr. *Waller* was fully convinc'd of it,

Well founding Verses are the Charm we use,
 Heroick Thoughts and Virtue to infuse ;
 Things of deep Sense we may in Prose unfold,
 But they move more in lofty Numbers told ;
 By the loud Trumpet which our Courage aids,
 We learn that Sound as well as Sense persuades.

Thus we may see by Mr. *Waller* that Numbers are proper to move Passion, and for that Reason are inseperable from Poetry which has no other Design. But we shall have occasion to treat of Harmony more at large when we come to the particular sorts of Poems, in the mean time let us Return to the business from which we may seem to have digress'd.

As

As we have formerly undeniably prov'd in the advancement of Modern Poetry, that the Ancient Poets deriv'd that Advantage which they have over the Moderns to the constituting their Subjects after a Religious manner ; so I shall make it appear in the sequel of this Discourse, that it was owing to the same thing that the ancient Poets very often excell'd themselves.

And I have Reason to believe that one of the Principal Reasons, that has made the Modern Poetry so contemptible, is, that by divesting it self of Religion, it is fall'n from its dignity, and its original Nature and Excellence, and from the greatest production of the Mind of Man, is dwindled to an extravagant and a vain Amusement. For the Modern Poetry being for the most part Prophane, has either very little Spirit, or if it has a great one, that Spirit is out of Nature, because it bears no man-

ner of Proportion to the Ideas from which it is forcibly deriv'd, nor the Ideas very often to the Objects from which they are taken; for as Mr. *Waller* says,

In boundless Verse the Fancy soars too high
For any Object but the Deity.
What Mortal can with Heav'n pretend to share
In the Superlatives of Wise and Fair?
A meaner Object when with these we grace
A Giant Habit on a Dwarf we place.

But that the Modern Poetry as miserably as it is fall'n from the Dignity of its original Nature, might gloriously arise and lift up its Head, surpassing ev'n that of the Ancients, if the Poets would but constitute their Subjects Religious, I have formerly clearly shewn in the Second Part of the Advancement of Modern Poetry; by shewing that the Design of the Christian Religion is the very same, with
that

that of Poetry, which can be said of no other Religion, that the business of both is to delight and reform mankind, by exciting the Passions in such a manner as to reconcile them to Reason, and restore the Harmony of the humane Faculties. And therefore that I may repeat nothing at present that I have formerly said there; I shall only add, that if 'tis Religion that gives the warmth and the Passion to Poetry, it follows that the less mixture that Religion has of any thing Prophane and Humane in it, the greater warmth and Passion it must give to Poetry; for that which moves us in effect in a false Religion must be the Imagination of that which is true. As for Example in the above mention'd passage of the wrath of *Neptune*; the Anger of *Neptune* is Fiction, and so is the Stroke of His Trident; but that which moves us at the bottom of this Fiction is true, which is, that the Anger of a Deity and the effects of it are very terrible. The Rea-

son why Religion moves the Soul so extreamly, is because the Soul was Created by God, to find its Happiness in Him, and all Happiness consists in Pleasure, and all Pleasure in Passion. Now the less mixture Religion has of any thing of Human Invention in it, the more Divine it is and the nearer it brings us to God.

But that this may still appear the more clearly, we shall Endeavour to prove it by two very Signal Examples, and shall produce two passages from Scripture; the one from the *Psalms* and the other from *Habbakuk*; which we shall set against the Two foremention'd Passages which *Longinus* has cited from *Homer*; the one of the Wrath and the other of the Power of *Neptune*; and his awful march through his own Element; and in setting these Passages against one another we make no doubt to shew, that not only the Subjects are exactly the same, but that the Advantage is clearly ours.

Let

Let us begin with that Passage
concerning the might of *Neptune*,
and his driving his Chariot thro'
the Sea.

As from the shaggy Mountain He descends,
The Mountain Trembles and the Forest bends,

And anon,

His golden Chariot *Neptune* now Ascends,
And as He drives along the Watry Plain,
Huge Whales and all the Monsters of the Main
Tempest the Ocean to Salute their King,
Ocean Rejoycing yawns before his March
And lets him thro' a dreadful Chasm---

Now to this Passage let us op-
pose that of the Prophet *Habbakuk*
exactly upon the same occasion; only
the Prophet says of the True God,
what *Homer* says of *Neptune*.

When the Almighty from Mount *Paran* came,
The brightness of his Glory with its blaze

Ex-

Expanding fill'd the vast Abyſs of Heaven
 And the whole Earth Refounded with his praife;
 The Burning Peſtilence before him march'd,
 And from his Feet a Fiery Whirlwind flew,
 He ſtood and Meaſur'd the Extended Earth,
 Scattering the Trembling Nations with a Look,
 At which the Everlaſting Mountains fled,
 And ſhaking the perpetual Hills did bow,
 Againſt the Flouds was thy Fierce Anger then?
 Againſt the Sea the burning of thy Wrath!
 That thou didſt thro' it with thy Flaming Steeds
 And with thy Chariots of Salvation drive?
 The Rocks their Sommets beetled o'er their baſe
 To view the Terroures of thy wondrous March;
 Then Shivering ſhrunk from the amazing Sight.
 The Flouds dividing ſhew'd a fearful Chafin,
 And as thy Sounding Horſes all on Fire
 Tro' Heaps of Congregated Waters flew,
 The Deep his roaring Voice at all his Mouths
 Utter'd, and lifted all his Arms on High.

But

But now let us come to the
 wrath of *Neptune*, and the effects
 of it, in the Battel of the Twen-
 tieth of the *Iliads*, in which the
 Gods were engag'd.

Jove flung his dreadful Thunder from on high,
 Mean while Majestick *Neptune* from below,
 The reeling Globe with his huge Trident strook,
 Shook its vast Plains and made its Mountains smok.
 Mount *Ida* trembled from his Hoary Top,
 And from his Nethermost Foundations Shook,
 Troubling a Thousand Springs that from Him flow,
Pluto from Lowest Hell, both Heard and Felt,
 And shivering Started from his Burning Throne ;
 Then Striking his Infernal Breast Cry'd out,
 Least wrathful *Neptune*, with another Stroke
 Of his Dread Trident, shou'd the Globe Divide,
 Should to the Gaping Center, let in Light,
 To Mortals, and Immortals should Display ,
 The

The Dreadful Secrets of his dire Domain,
 At the bare thought of which Ev'n Gods are wont
 (to shake,

As the necessity of the Subject
 has oblig'd us to repeat these Ver-
 ses, so we have the same Excuse
 for the Repeating the Reflection of
Longinus. Behold here says *Longinus* ,
 the Earth laid open to the very
 Center , and Hell about to be
 Expos'd to view, and all the vast
 Machine of the World : Demo-
 lish'd and overturn'd, to shew
 that in that Important Conflict,
 both Heaven and Hell, both Mor-
 tal and Immortal things, every
 thing in Nature Engag'd with the
 Gods and nothing was free from
 Danger. Now let us see the Psalmist
 Introducing the true God, actual-
 ly Demolishing and overturning
 the Machine of the World only with
 a Word and with a Look.

In my Distress I call'd upon the Lord,
 And to my God I cry'd, He from his Height

Above

Above all Heights, Strait heard my Mournful
(Voice,

And to my loud Complaint inclin'd his Ear.

Strait the Earth trembled and her Entrails shook

As Conscious of her Great Creators Wrath.

The Mountains from their fix'd Foundations ran,

And Frighted from their inmost Caverns Roar'd.

From out his Nostrils a Tempestuous Cloud

Of pitchy smoak in Spicy Volumes flew,

And from his Mouth there ran a Raging Flood

Of Torrent fire Devouring as it ran.

And then He Bow'd the very Heaven of Heavens,

And arm'd with fearful Majesty came down.

Under his Feet He plac'd Substantial Night

Which aw'd the Nations with its dreadful Gloom.

Upon the Flaming Cherubim He Rode,

And on the Wings of all the Winds He flew,

Still Darknefs usher'd his Mysterious way,

And a Black Night of Congregated Clouds

Became the Dark Pavillion of his Throne.

The

The Clouds his Brightness could no longer bear,
 But vanishing Rever'd the Sacred source of Light,
 And as the Congregated Clouds Dispers'd
 A Storm of Monstrous Hail came pouring down,
 Down the Red Lightning wing'd its Slanting way,
 But when his wrathful Voice was heard on High
 Strait both the Poles Rebellow'd to the Sound,
 In thicker sheets the Ratling Hail came down,
 Down came the Lightning with repeated Flames
 And Thunder bellowing thro' the boundless Space,
 Astonish'd Nature with Redoubled Roars,
 Earth could no longer bear the mortal fright
 But shook it self from its perpetual Hinge
 At thy Rebuke O Lord and at the Blast,
 The Dreadful Blast of thy Revenging Breath,
 Then upwards from the gaping Center cleav'd
 With a prodigious wound;
 The fix'd Foundations of the World display'd,
 Display'd the Ghastful Caverns of the Deep,
 A sight that blasted ev'n the World's Great Eye,

And

And made the Starting Sun recoil
From his Eternal way.

But here it will be Necessary to answer an Objection, for it may be urg'd perhaps that Common Experience will Destroy these new Speculations. For several of the Moderns have attempted Divine Poetry, and yet some of them have been Contemptible to the last Degree, and not one of them has excell'd the Ancients.

To which we answer that *Milton* has clearly the advantage of the Ancients in several points, as shall be shewn in its proper place; and if the rest of the Moderns who have attempted Sacred Poetry have fall'n so very much short of them, it has been either for want of Genius or for want of Art to know how to make use of Religion. For Sacred Poetry apparently requires a greater capacity than the Prophane does, because the greater the Ideas are, the greater must

must the Capacity be that receives them. But Sacred Ideas are greater then the Prophane, as hath been shewn above. And therefore if the Rule of *Horace* be true, that a Poet ought to proportion his Subject to his Strength, it follows that a Man may Succeed pretty well in Human Poetry and yet be despicable in the Divine. Besides as Religion supplies us with greater Ideas than any thing Human can do; so it requires greater Enthusiasm and a greater Spirit to attend them, as has been shewn above too. So that Sacred Poetry requires not only a very great Capacity, but a very warm and Strong Imagination; which is a happy mixture that is to be met with in a very few, and ev'n of those few not one in a Thousand perhaps applies himself to sacred Poetry. And ev'n of those rare ones who have apply'd themselves hardly one of the Moderns has known the true use that ought to be made of Religion in Poetry. *Milton*, indeed happen'd upon it, in his *Paridise lost*, I say happen'd upon it, because He has err'd
 very

very widely from it in his *Paradise Regain'd*, as shall be shewn in its proper place. The Rules for Employing Religion in Poetry are Principally these which follow.

1. The First is, That the Religion ought to be one, that the Poet may be mov'd by it, and that he may appear to be in earnest. And the not observing of this Rule, was one Reason why *Spencer* miscarried as we shall shew anon.

2. The Second Rule, That the Religion which the Poet Employs ought to be the Reigning one, that both the Poet and the Readers may be mov'd the more by a Religion in which they were bred. And this Rule may acquaint us with one of the reasons why all who have translated *Homer* and *Virgil*, have succeeded so very indifferently.

I

3. The

3. The Third is that it may run thro' and be incorporated with the Action of the Poem, and consequently that it may always be a part of Action and Productive of Action, for from the neglect of this Third Rule, strange inequalities would follow in a Poem, as shall be shewn more at large, when we treat of *Spencer* and *Cowley*.

4. The Fourth Rule is, That the Religion may be manag'd so as to promote the violence of the Enthusiastick Passions and their change and variety; and the constituting his Subject contrary to this Rule, was one great reason why *Milton* did not succeed in his *Paradise Regain'd*.

5. That it may not hinder the violence of the ordinary Passions, nor the Change and Variety of them; and the not constituting his Subject according to this Rule

Rule is the chief reason, why *Homer* in his *Odysses* fell so far short of his *Iliads*; and *Milton* of his *Paradise Lost*, in his *Paradise Regain'd*.

6. That the Religion be manag'd so as not to obstruct the violence of Action, which is always attended by the violence of ordinary Passion; and the not observing of this, was one great Reason of the miscarriage of *Homer* and *Milton*, in the foremention'd Poems.

7. That the Divine and Humane Persons if there be any, may have Inclinations and Affections, which *Tasso's* Celestial Persons have not, nor as I Remember *Cowley's*.

8. That they be fairly distinguish'd from one another, by those Inclinations and Affections. And this is the great Advantage that the Grecian Machines, have for the most part over those in our Religion. Yet *Milton* has pretty well
 I 2 distin-

distinguish'd his Celestial Persons from one another, and his Infernal ones admirably.

4 That they be fairly distinguish'd from the Human Persons, by the same Inclinations and Affections. And here *Milton* in his Infernal Persons has undeniably the Advantage, both of Ancients and Moderns. The Passions and Inclinations of the Græcian Gods, are downright Human Inclinations and Affections. The Passions of *Milton's* Devils have enough of Humanity in them to make them delightful, but then they have a great deal more to make them admirable and may be said to be the true Passions of Devils; but the time to speak more largely of this will be when we come to the Epick Poets.

But now as we have shewn that the Religion Reveal'd in the Old and New Testament is proper, nay Necessary to give the last force and Elevation to Poetry; we shall
now

now Endeavour to Convince the Reader that Poetry is proper if not Necessary, to give force to that Religion. For indeed there are Duties in this Religion, which cannot be worthily perform'd without the assistance of Poetry. As the offering up Praise and Thanksgiving and several sorts of Pray'r to God ; and the Celebrating the Wonders of his Might ? Because if the Ideas which these Subjects afford ; are express'd with Passion equal to their greatness, that which expresses them is Poetry, for that which makes Poetry to be what it is, is only because it has more Passion than any other way of writing.

It is Ridiculous to Imagine that there can be a more proper way to Express some parts and Duties of a Religion which we believe to be Divinely inspir'd, than the very way in which they were at first deliver'd. Now the most Important part of the Old Testament was deliver'd not only in a Poetical

Style but in Poetical Numbers. The most Important parts of the Old Testament to us are the Prophecies. Because without them we could never be satisfied that *Jesus* is the Messiah. For the Prophets were Poets by the Institution of their Order, and Poetry was one of the Prophetick Functions, which were chiefly Three. 1. Predicting or foretelling things to come. 2. Declaring the will of God to the People. And 3. Praising God with Songs of the Prophets composing, accompanied with the Harp and other Instrumental Musick. From whence it came to pass, that praising God upon such kind of Instruments, is often in the Scriptures call'd Prophecy, as Mr. *Mede* has observ'd in his *Diatribæ*; and has prov'd it from several Passages of the Old Testament, and more particularly from the 3 First Verses of the 25th Ch. of the *Chronicles*, which are as follows.

V. 1. *Moreover David and the Captains of the Host, seperated to the*

the Service of the Sons of Asaph, and of Heman, and of Jeduthun, such as should Propheſie with Harps, with Pſalteries and with Cymbals, and the Number of the Workmen according to their ſervice was

V. 2. Of the Sons of Asaph ; Zaccar, and Joſeph, and Nethaniah and Afarelah, the Sons of Asaph ; under the Hands of Asaph, which Propheſied according to the Order of the King.

V. 3. Of Jeduthun, the Sons of Jeduthun, Gedaliah and Zeri and Jeſhaiah, Haſhabiah, and Merithiah Six, under the Hands of their Father Jeduthun, who Propheſied with a Harp, to give thanks and to praiſe the Lord.

Nor was their Poetical Talent confin'd to their Praise and thank-giving, but is to be ſeen in their Predictions too as we ſaid before, and in their declaring the Will of God to the People.

As the Prophets were Poets by their Inſtitution, ſo when the Son
I 4 of

of God himself, came down from Heaven in order to reform the Earth, He who was a Prophet as well as a Priest and a King, did by consequence discharge the Three Prophetical Functions, of which the Poetical has been shewn to be one. And consequently tho' our Saviour did not make use of a Style, that was Figurative and Enthusiastick; because he Instructed the World as God, and as God He could not feel either Admiration or Terrour, or the rest of the Enthusiastick Passions, yet we find that He not only prais'd God with spiritual Songs, but that the Method of His Instruction was entirely Poetical, that is by Fables or Parables, contriv'd and plac'd and adapted to work very strongly upon Human Passions.

Thus the Prophets among the Jews were Poets, and the Divine Institutor of the Christian Religion being a Prophet, by a Poetical method instructed and reform'd the World :

World. And ev'n the Græcian Poets pretending to discharge the Three Prophetical Functions, were not only vulgarly reputed Prophets but were styl'd so by St. *Paul* Himself, who quoting a verse out of *Epimenides* in the Epistle which He wrote to *Titus*, calls that Cretensian Poet a Prophet. *As one of their own Prophets has said.*

Thus we have made it very plain, that not only the Predictions but the Praise and Thanksgiving, in the Inspir'd Writers were written in Verse ; as were likewise several of the Prayers, and the Instructions, and in short the Noblest and most Important part of the Old Testament : Now if they were written in Poetry, it could be for no other Reason, but because they who wrote them, Believ'd that the Figurative Passionate Style, and the Poetical Numbers did by Right of Nature belong to them , and Consequently were requisite to inforce them upon the Minds of Men. And
here

here we cannot as it were help observing, that for the Scriptures to make all the Impression that they are Capable of making upon Men of very good parts, and perhaps too upon others, all those parts of them that were written in Verse ought to be translated in Verse; and by Persons who are the most qualify'd to do it with Force and Harmony. For if the Passion and Harmony were thought requisite by the Original Writers, who were Divinely inspir'd to give force to the Hebrew; why should not Spirit and Passion and Numbers in a Translation give a Proportionable force to that? For if Harmony of it self is of force to lift up our Thoughts to Heaven, as our Clergy seem to Emphatically by the use of it in our Churches; and may be gathered from what happen'd to *Elisba* in the Second of *Kings*, when they would have had him Prophecie at a time when the Spirit of Prophecie Ch. 3. v. 15. was not upon him. Where the Prophet says, *now bring me a Minstrel, and it came to pass*

*as the Minstrel plaid that the Hand
of the Lord came upon him.*

If Harmony I say is of it self so efficacious, what must it not be, when Incorporated with a Religious Sense, and a Poetical Style. There can certainly be no better way to Reform the World than the reading of those Writings which we believe to be divinely inspir'd; But this is as certain, that the greater the pleasure is with which we Read them, we shall the more frequently discharge that Duty, but to make us read them with more pleasure than we do, they must have more of the agreableness of their Originals, that is more Perspicuity, more Force and more Harmony. This would more particularly attract the Gentry, and particularly those of the most Extraordinary Parts among them, whose examples would influence the rest as the rest would influence the People. For they of extraordinary Parts for the most part being Extreamly delighted with Poetry,
and

and finding the greatest and most exalted Poetry upon Religious Subjects, would by degrees become more us'd to be mov'd by Sacred Ideas than they would by prophane; that is would by degrees become re-form'd. That this is by no means a Chimera, Experience may serve to convince us. For I know several Gentlemen of very good Sense who are extreamly mov'd by *Miltons* Hymn in the fifth Book of *Paradise lost*, and hardly at all stirr'd with the Translation of the 148 *Psalms* from whence that Hymn is taken. But if Men of very good parts are more mov'd by the Hymn, it follows that they ought to be more mov'd by it; because Men of very good Sense are only mov'd to that Degree by things by which they ought to be mov'd. So that we may Conclude that the Passion or Enthusiasm in that Hymn is exactly in Nature, that is, that the Enthusiasm, or Passion, or Spirit call it what you will, flows from the Ideas, and bears a just Proportion to them.

But

But from hence at the same time it follows, that since those Persons who are so much mov'd by the Hymn, are not equally stirr'd by the Translated Psalm, the Passion or Spirit is less in the latter and do's not come up to the Ideas; and therefore we may conclude that *Milton* by his Genius and Harmony has restor'd that Spirit in Composing the Hymn, which had been lost by the weakness of the Translation and the want of Poetical Numbers. Which last as we have said before contribute very much to the raising of Passion.

What *Milton* has done in relation to the 148 *Psalms*, others may do in a less proportion to other parts of the Old Testament, till the Favour of the Prince and publick Encouragement causes another *Milton* to arise and apply Himself to so necessary and so noble a work. For this is certain that there are not wanting great Genius's to every Age. But they do not equally appear

pear in every Age, sometimes for want of knowing themselves; and sometimes for want of Encouragement and leisure to exert themselves. The business of the following Treatise is to shew them how they may try and know, and form themselves, which is all that I am capable of attempting towards the Restoring so useful and so noble an Art. If I were in a Condition to give them Encouragement too they should not be long without it. If they who so much exceed me in Pow'r, did but equal me in Will, we should soon see Poetry raise up its dejected Head, and our own might come to emulate the Happiest of Grecian and Roman Ages.

And thus much may suffice to shew the Nature of Poetry, but chiefly of the greater Poetry, and the Importance of this Design. For since Poetry has been thought not only by Heathens, but by the Writers of the Old Testament, and consequently by God Himself who inspir'd them, to be
the

the fittest method for the inforcing Religion upon the Minds of Men, and since Religion is the only solid Foundation of all Civil Society, it follows, that whoever Endeavours to Re-establish Poetry, makes a generous attempt to restore an Art, that may be highly Advantageous to the Publick, and Beneficial to Mankind.

F I N I S.

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